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JOURNAL

OF

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON,

A PRIVATE SOLDIER

IN

COL. DONIPHAN'S COMMAND.

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JOURNAL.

I LEFT my home on West River, Anne Arundel County, Md., the 11th November, 1845, for a southern tour, and after visiting the principal places of the south and west, inspecting the country, and meeting with adventures familiar to all who travel, I found myself, the following Spring, located permanently a few miles from Carrolton, Carrol County, Missouri, boardin the family of Judge Rea, a clever, gentlemanly man. Here I formed numerous acquaintances, among them, an old Capt. Markle, who informed me of his intention to visit California, and depicted in glowing terms the pleasure of travelling in new countries, &c. In the meantime, a company of mounted volunteers was being formed in the neighborhood, under Capt. Williams, in which many young men whom I knew, had enlisted. This, together with the enthusiasm which prevailed at a public meeting on the 4th of July, (when the Ladies of Carrolton presented the company a beautiful flag, and many speeches were made)—caused me to decide and join the company. I immediately set about preparing,—bought my regimentals, canteen, saddlebags, also some books and a writing apparatus for convenience in noting down the occurrences of each day, thinking it probable, should I live to return, it might be a source of amusement to my friends in Maryland.

August 4th, 1846.—This morning we started for Fort Leavenworth. Many of my friends came to take breakfast with me at Squire Dorr's. We met our Captain at Carrolton, where a public dinner was given. The company formed and marched to the horses and proceeded out of town. We passed the table in order. In the evening we mounted our fine Prairie, 30 miles wide, and rode as far as the residence of Dr. Arnold. There were fifteen of us in company, separated from the rest, and all in search of quarters.

Having to water our horses, the Doctor directed us where to go. The way was plainly pointed out, but to our astonishment, we all got lost in the timber. We rode till very late and might have been put to great inconvenience, had we not met with a servant who set us right. We returned to the Doctor's to muse on our mishap and enjoy more of his hospitality.—An ominous beginning for a soldier's life.

5th.—Started this morning in company with the Doctor and his lady, who went with us eight miles to Lexington, and thence to Richmond, where we arrived at 4 o'clock. A few miles further on we encamped. I rode all this day without my dinner. Having had opportunity to become better acquainted with my Captain and other officers, I find them very clever and kind.

6th.—I discovered this morning that my horse was lame from the tightness of his shoes. Went to town to a blacksmith, who re-shod him. The company could not wait for me, and I travelled alone through a beautiful forest of sugar trees.—Passed Elke Horn, and rode until within six miles of Liberty. Here I found our baggage team had given out. Our Captain had gone ahead with the company, and left the second Lieutenant, Mr. Smith, in charge. I discovered Lieutenant Smith to be a man of very tender feelings. Several of our company were taken with chills to-night, which is rather discouraging.

7th.—At day-light this morning our train was under way,—arrived in town to breakfast, after which our Captain marched us all over the city. It is a beautiful inland place of 1000 inhabitants. Fifteen miles further on, we met our first Lieutenant, just from the Fort. He told us to hurry on, and get mustered into service before the other companies should crowd in. We hurried accordingly and reached Platt City at sun-set. I was fatigued and hungry, and went to the Hotel to get my supper, when I came out, I found our third Lieutenant had come up with the rest of the men, and were ready to start for the ferry. I went on with them. We arrived at the ferry, opposite Fort Leavenworth, about 12 o'clock at night. I went in search of something for my horse.—There was a widow lady living near, to whom I applied, and she very pleasantly told me "to go to the crib and help myself." I went,—fed my horse, and spent the rest of the night on the unhusked ears, in the crib, where I slept soundly.

8th.—Rose early and went in search of my Captain. Found him with many others, between some fallen trees, wrapped up in their blankets, fast asleep on the sand. We soon prepared for crossing the river, which I felt to be the bidding adieu to friends and home, and almost civilization itself. I was the only one who had taken refreshment. It was fortunate for me that I had made a second visit to the widow and obtained a good breakfast. We were soon all safely over the ferry, 85 in number, men of all grades and dispositions, some very facetious, and others reserved and thoughtful. We were all huddled together, and ordered to form in double file, to proceed two miles from the Fort to erect our tents. We had to wait some time for the wagons which contained our provisions, consisting of mess pork, sugar, coffee, &c. The head of each mess,—6 in number, had to apply to the Sergeant for the necessary supplies. Having been appointed to the charge of my mess, I went up, took my share, and helped the men to theirs. The first meal I tasted in the Indian Territory was supper, and such a supper! It was composed of hard water crackers and mess pork, which would cut five inches through the ribs.—I boiled my pork for nearly two hours, and found it still so tough that it was harder labor than I had been at all day to eat it. Necessity is the mother of invention, and I fell upon an expedient by which to despatch it, I took it out, stewed and fried it. But it was yet spongy and stuck in my teeth. I made out, however, with the assistance of a keen appetite, and being very tired, I laid myself down on my blanket in the tent. I had not lain many minutes when our Orderly came by, calling upon the men to form a line.

We had much rather slept, but to obey was our duty, and we were soon in the line. We were then drilled by a young officer from the Fort. After drill, the officers commenced counting us off from right to left, and every fourth man had to stand guard.

I was taken as one of the fourth men and placed with eleven others at No. 1, where I had to walk my post two hours. It was quite long enough for a beginning, and I resigned the post with pleasure when the time expired. At 12 o'clock the relief guard put a man in my place, and I went rejoicing to my rest.

Sunday, 9*th*.—This morning I had to get breakfast for the first time in my life, I was perfectly green at the business, but it had to be done. I filled the kettle with water, browned my coffee, fried the pork, &c. I went on very well until by an unlucky mishap I upset the kettle, and put out the fire. Nothing daunted by the misfortune, I entered upon another trial and was more successful. We paraded immediately after breakfast, and prepared to go to the Fort, where we had the honor of being mustered into service by our Colonel. He called our names, and as each passed before him he was asked his age, and as many other questions as would afford a pretty good description of his person and history of his life. The Articles of War were then read and we formed a line and returned to camp. The roll was called soon after, and all that were not present, had to keep guard. So much for playing truant on an occasion of so much importance. I was fortunate enough to be present and escaped the infliction.

12*th*.—The past two or three days were employed in strict attention to the duties of a soldier, such as cooking, drilling, &c., &c. To-day, Col. Price assembled the whole Regiment at the Fort, to have an appraisement of horses, saddles, &c. In the afternoon I rode back to the encampment on a large bag of beef in the hot sun. A severe headache was my travelling companion.

14*th*.—Yesterday and to-day we had a terrible job, breaking mules to the wagons. It is difficult to muster these stubborn animals into service. I, with a fellow soldier, was detained from the Fort till a late hour. We were employed in the novel pursuit of pulling two of the mules by main force through the hazel bushes two miles. Only think of it! Two of Uncle Sam's worthies pulling a jackass apiece two miles through the bushes. While at the Fort I called on the minister, who was very kind and affectionate in his conversation and manners. He presented me a Testament, Prayer Book, and bundle of Tracts—at night we threw copies into each tent, and then sung hymns until it was time to retire.

15th.—This was our washing day. I went with the rest of the B'hoys, to the branch, where we kindled three large fires, and put up our camp kettles to boil the clothes. I never boiled any before, and I felt pretty much as I did when I began to cook breakfast. I went to work awkwardly enough, as my scalded hands bore witness. But a man can even wash his clothes when he is obliged to do it, the opinions of the ladies to the contrary notwithstanding. In the evening we ceased our labors as washers of clothes and went into the branch and washed ourselves. After bathing we returned to camp quite refreshed.

Sunday, 16th.—This morning I thought I would hear the Missionary preach—and with several others, started for the purpose. Just before we got to the village, an Indian informed us there would be no preaching that day. We were greatly disappointed, and turned to wander about awhile and survey the country around. It was wild and picturesque, and the sight of it was gratifying. We met a number of Indians. Their language and gesture were very strange, and they presented a most outlandish appearance. Many of them came into our camp with a variety of things to sell. When we returned our camp was nearly deserted. The men had gone to the Fort for equipments to commence our march. We hurried on, but only to be disappointed again.—Too many companies were in before us. We went back to the camp, and spent the day quietly.

18th.—Every man was well fitted out with a musket and fifteen cartridges, a load of guns having been brought from the Fort. I have now become accustomed to implicit obedience to orders—going and return-ing on errands to the Fort—breaking mules, looking for strayed horses, cooking breakfast, washing clothes, &c. At night it rained hard, and while I tried to compose myself to sleep, I felt the shower dripping in my face.

20th.—The important morning had now arrived. It was the morning on which we were to "strike our tents and march away" for California. All was bustle and excitement, and we poor privates had to load the wagons with provisions for our long march. It fell to my lot as usual, to handle the bacon, pork, &c. And yet another trial awaited me: we had not travelled more than a mile, when we came to a deep slough or pond, through which I had to guide a mule. It was the first time I had the honor of leading a mule in gears. I had to dismount and wade through thick mud up to my waist. I had rather carried the mule on my back over a better road. What made the matter worse, I had my new clothes on, and they were almost ruined by the adventure. On stopping to encamp, a messmate kindly poured on water, while I washed the mud off, as well as I could, and laid down in my wet garments, very weary with my day's journey.

21st.—We are now fairly in the Indian country. The place assigned by the Government for the future residence of the tribes who have emigrated from the States. Here we found the prairies covered with grass—a reasonable supply for our horses, and a drove of ninety-five beeves which we had brought out for present use. A strong guard was stationed around the encampment, at night, as roving bands of Indians were lurking around us, ready to seize any thing they could lay their hands on. We had travelled 12 miles when our Captain thought it best to encamp for the night, as we found a little wood. The want of timber is a great defect in this otherwise beautiful country.

22nd.—We started this morning at 8 o'clock, and travelled 15 miles through a lovely region, when we came to a settlement of the Delaware Indians. Their houses and plantations bear evident marks of civilization. In company with our first Lieutenant, I called at a house, in the door of which sat two squaws making moccasins. Stretched on a bench near by, lay an Indian fast asleep. He was a man of most powerful dimensions, at least six feet four, and fat withal. By his side rested a club full of notches. We did not care to disturb his repose, for we had slight misgivings that a notch or two more in that fatal war club might record the finale of our own history. We left him to his slumber and hastened to the river where we found several companies of our companions buying and selling among the squaws. Whiskey was the principal commodity, and a number of Indians were so much intoxicated that they could hardly tell a tree from a moccasin. The ferry is kept by the Indians. The Kansas river at this place is a bold stream, it was, nevertheless, safely passed by all, using boats only for our wagons; about sun-set all landed and we encamped about a mile from the river.

Sunday, 23d.—Again we started on our journey. After the first ten miles of a broken country, some high hills appeared. They were very difficult of ascent, and we had much trouble with our teams. In two places we had to put our shoulders to the wheels. Orders were given that every man should secure what wood he could find, and we commenced packing it before us, on our horses. A picturesque scene we must have presented, each man with his load of wood before him, on his horse. While riding in this way we overtook Lieut. Col. Mitchell.

24th.—After passing a few clumps of trees, an immense prairie spread out before us, extending as far as the eye could reach. At 12 o'clock we came to a branch and encamped. The water here is in standing pools, and before drinking or making coffee, we were obliged to strain it through our handkerchiefs. While thus engaged two Indians of the Sac Tribe, made their appearance. They were elegantly mounted, but painted and tattooed in a frightful manner. They are smaller in stature than the Delawares, and at war with them. They called at our camp as a matter of curiosity. One of my mess, Levi Flowers, received a severe kick in his face from a horse which nearly killed him. His face was very much swollen.

25th.—The companies are now all united—having overtaken each other at different places. Our force was 1200 strong. We travelled all day in sight of trees like little dots on the horizon. At the end of our day's march we hoped to find water, *good* water, which our poor fellows needed after a long hot march, with nothing to protect their heads from the rays of the sun but small glazed caps. The goal was reached. We rested beneath the shade of a small skirt of woods.

26th.—As usual, 8 o'clock found us ready to start. After a march of 14 miles, we encamped on Beaver Creek. We killed a beef—and the soldiers busied themselves in cooking supper. Not having conveniences of home at hand, we dispensed with our dinner daily, and satisfied ourselves with eating morning and night. Our Captain is a good sort of a man and will no doubt do the best he can for us. And now while speaking of the Captain I will say a word or two about our Lieutenants. Our first Lieutenant, Mr. White, is nearly always in a good humor. He is large and somewhat corpulent—enjoys a laugh very much. He weighs 220*lbs.* net. Our second Lieutenant, Mr. Smith, is of the middle size, very facetious, and always ready to accommodate. Our third Lieutenant, Mr. Rock, was formerly Captain of Militia, but volunteering to go with the Army to California, we elected him third Lieutenant. He is a little over the middle size, and very reserved and stately.

27th.—After travelling twelve miles we reached the encampment of the Marion company, where we found a poor fellow who was accidentally shot last night, by a revolving pistol. Two men are left to take care of him. It is thought he cannot survive. Poor fellow! His fate is a sad one. Pursuing our journey, we passed Beaver Creek, and after travelling 18 miles—came to the Big John River, where we encamped for the night.

28th.—The Captain told us this morning that we should stop here for a day or two to rest ourselves. And now began a most ludicrous scene. Every camp kettle and other vessel that would hold water was brought in requisition, and the whole Regiment commenced washing their clothes. To me it was a most singular sight. While rubbing away at our clothes a rumor reached us that we were on the route to Santa Fe, instead of California. This was news, and what with washing and what with talking we were kept pretty busy. On the route to Santa Fe, though we entered the journey for California. But alas! no matter where we are. We found our trip was not a "pleasure excursion," as many of our imaginations had so often pictured. The two soldiers we left to-day have just come in, after digging the grave of their poor comrade.

29th.—This morning we caught some black trout and cat fish in the Big John. They were very fine—Col. Price had gone ahead, and at 12 o'clock we struck our tents, passed Council Grove, and encamped at 2 o'clock a few miles further on, where there is a blacksmith shop, established by the government. Here I left letters for my friends in Maryland, to be carried back by the return mail to Fort Leavenworth.

Sunday, 30th.—Saw near the road, one of those singular mounds, of which I have so often read. It towered beautifully to the height of 100 feet. It may have been a Mount of observation;—it may be filled with the bones of the red men of the forest. I have no time however to speculate upon subjects so foreign from my present employment. At the end of 8 miles, we came to Rock Creek, and 7 miles further we arrived at Diamond Spring—where we halted for the night.

31st.—This morning I filled my canteen with the refreshing water of Diamond Spring. At the spring I counted 45 wagons loaded with provisions for the army. —Yesterday we entered upon the far-famed *plains* at Rock Creek.—The scenery presents a dull monotony, a vast plain, almost level, bounded by the horizon and covered with a thin sward and herbage.

September 1st.—Came to a place, called the "Lost Spring," a most singular curiosity. The stream rises suddenly out of the ground, and after rushing over the sand a few yards, as suddenly sinks, and is no more seen.

2nd.—To-day we are at the Cotton Wood Fork. It takes its name from a large cluster of cotton trees, the first I had seen after leaving Diamond Spring. There is a good stream of water here, and we enjoyed the blessing of a fine shower of rain. A little misunderstanding took place among the officers about starting. Some of them were too slow in their movements and caused our Captain to collect his men and make a speech. Several of the men were disgusted and become uproarious. A march of eight miles, however, to Turkey Creek settled the question, and all appeared in pretty good humour. Three miles further on, we came to 2nd Turkey Creek—nine miles beyond to 3rd Turkey Creek and encamped. Turkey Creeks are plenty in this vicinity. How we would have rejoiced if the Turkeys had been as plenty as the titles of the streams indicated. Third Turkey Creek is a lovely stream, running through the prairie. Here we wanted wood to cook with.—As yet we had not seen any game with the exception of two rabbits, caught by our men. They were of a novel species, almost white, with long black ears, and as large as a grey fox.

3rd.—About 12 o'clock to-day we came in sight of timber. Passed the 4th Turkey Creek, and after travelling 18 miles, encamped on the banks of the little Arkansas, which at some seasons is a bold stream, with tremendous cliffs that can be seen at a long distance.

4th.—We are all huddled together in our tents, in consequence of a heavy storm of wind and rain, which came on last night. Some of the tents blew down, and most of the company were in a bad fix. Fires were necessary to keep us warm. We left at 8 o'clock, and after travelling 10 miles, came to Owl Creek. Five miles from Owl Creek we reached Cow Creek, where we encamped. On the left we could see cliffs and timber at a great distance, and some small white spots like sand hills. On the right—nothing but a vast prairie. Just before we arrived at the Cow Creek an antelope was started. Our boys gave chase and fired several times, but they missed him and he finally escaped. They must shoot better in fight with the enemy. We had scarcely fixed up our tents, when news came that a buffalo was in sight. In an instant, men on horseback fully armed, were in pursuit from every direction He was less fortunate than the antelope. The men had improved a little and they overtook their game after a considerable chase, during which they fired fifty times. They killed him at last and brought some of the flesh to camp. It was of very little use, for with all our cooking, it was too tough to eat. He was a bull at least 20 years old. We had better let the old patriarch run.

Arkansas Bend, Saturday, 6th.—Here we stopped last night, after a most exciting day. Herds of buffalo were seen scattered over the plains. The best hunters were picked out to secure as many as possible. The chase was a fine one, 13 were killed by the different companies. I strolled away from camp alone, to one of those mysterious mounds, which occur so frequently to the traveller among these wilds. On ascending it I enjoyed a most magnificent prospect. It has the appearance of a Fort, but when and for what purpose erected will long remain a matter of uncertainty. I lingered so long that on my return I found that my company had gone forward, but I soon overtook them. To-day we come to Walnut Creek, 6 miles from the mound. I felt stupid and sick; as I was placed on guard last night, on the banks of the Arkansas. I was all alone in the deep midnight, and I sat three long hours, with my musket; looking up and down the stream. I could see a great distance, as the sand on the shore is very white.

7th.—We were preparing to take a buffalo chase, when word was brought that the whole command must be moving. We were much disappointed, for we expected fine sport in the chase. On our route to-day, we passed Ash Creek, and five miles on came to Pawnee Fork. We saw herds of buffalo, and surrounded one, but they made a break towards the road and crossed among the teams. They did no damage however, nor was much damage done to them. I rode on briskly to overtake a friend, when my horse trod in a hole made by prairie dogs, (a small animal and very numerous here) and fell with me. I received no injury except a little skin rubbed off my knee. On remounting, my attention was arrested by a horse running at full speed, and dragging something on the ground. When he came closer, I discovered it to be a man whom his horse had thrown. The frightened animal stopped a little ahead of me and I rode up, expecting to see a dead man, but as soon as his foot was extricated from the stirrup, to the surprise of all, he stood up, and said he was not much hurt. He said he regretted most of all the loss of his clothes which were torn in shreds from his body. Another man belonging to our company, by the name of Redwine, had a severe fall. He was taken into camp nearly dead. Chase was made again after buffalo which appeared in thousands. Many antelopes also appeared, but it requires the fleetest horses to overtake them. Before we encamped we saw near the road side a little mound of stones, on one of which was engraved the name of R. T. Ross. It was supposed to be the grave of a man who was murdered by the Indians in 1840. He is resting in a lonely spot.

8th.—We are now on the banks of the great Arkansas river, after marching many miles through a barren and dreary looking country, almost destitute of grass or herbage. Here there is some improvement in this respect. A heavy rain caused our tents to leak, and drenched the poor soldiers, so that they passed a very uncomfortable night.

9th.—Kept up the river 10 miles. A few scattered cotton trees, and cliffs, and sand banks are the only things to be seen. One of Col. Mitchell's men was near being killed to-day by an Indian. He had chased a buffalo two miles from camp, when an arrow was shot, which pierced his clothes; the poor fellow made all the haste he could to camp with the arrow sticking in his pants. It was well it was not in his skin.

10th.—Last night as soon as we were all snugly fixed, and ready for sleep, there arose a fearful storm of wind and rain, which gave our tents and ourselves a good shaking. Some of the tents were blown down, breaking in their fall the ridgepoles of others, and bringing them down also. In our tent, four of us held on with all our might, for nearly two hours to keep it standing. To-day we continued our march, travelling 15 miles, on the banks of the river. We saw a large flock of wild geese and tried to get a shot, but without success. They were too wild for us.

11th.—The weather was quite cold this morning, and there was so dense a fog as to prevent us from seeing a hundred yards ahead. There was an antelope killed to-day. The flesh tasted like mutton. We encamped by the side of the river, and an opportunity was afforded us of catching fish, which we accomplished by the novel mode of spearing them with the bayonet. Several dozens were caught, and we found them delicious.

12th.—Resumed our journey through the same scenery 12 miles—many antelopes were seen in herds, and prairie dogs barked at us, in every direction.

Sunday, 13th.—As we proceed, the country assumes a still more dreary aspect, bare of verdure, and broken in ridges of sand. Our horses, enfeebled by their long travel, have very little to subsist on. The men too, for the past three days, have ceased to receive rations of sugar and coffee. When we could not get these articles, we did as they do in France—that is, without them. We had to fry our meat, and a few of us entered upon the funny work of making soup out of pork, buffalo flesh, and fish, boiled up together. It was a rare mess, but we pronounced it first rate.

14th.—After passing over the last 15 miles to-day, we found ourselves at a place called the crossing of the Arkansas. We were then 362 miles from Fort Leavenworth. Our course has been along the margin of the river for 75 miles. At this place are steep bluffs difficult to descend. There are multitudes of fish in the river, many of them were killed by the horses' feet in crossing. We caught several varieties by spearing. A number of antelopes were killed here.

15th.—This morning I felt very dull from loss of rest. We had to give considerable attention to the cattle, horses, &c., to prevent them from straying. I and seven others were detailed to stand sentinel. I was appointed to the second watch, and to be in readiness at the hour, I spread my blanket down in the prairie to take a nap. In two hours I was awakened, and instructed to arouse the Captain of the Watch at the expiration of three hours more; having no means to measure the time but my own sad thoughts, and the weary hours being rather tardy, I too soon obeyed the orders, and kept the last watch on duty five hours, to the amusement of all. After breakfast I took a stroll over the sand hills, and found about a dozen of our boys, inspecting the contents of a large basket something like a hamper in which the merchants pack earthenware. It contained the skeleton of an Indian chief in a sitting posture, wrapped in buffalo robes, with his arrows, belts, beads, cooking utensils, &c. It had fallen from the limb of a tree, on which it had been suspended. Several of the men picked up the beads, and one named Waters carried the lower jaw and skull to camp, the latter he said he intended "to make a soup gourd of."

16th.—I took my seat quietly in the tent this morning and thought I would rest, as we were to stay a day or two at this place. I was presently surrounded by soldiers begging me to write a few lines for them "to father, mother, wives, friends and homes." I wrote *seven* letters without removing from a kneeling posture, and was kept busy almost the whole day.

17th.—Our Captain told us to get ready to start at 10 o'clock to-day, and as we were to cross a sandy desert 60 miles wide, much water and provisions were to be packed. A number of us were kept busy cleaning the salt from pork barrels in order to fill them with water. Scarcely had we finished this hard job, when the news spread like electricity "that the mail from Fort Leavenworth had come in." I cannot pretend to describe the scene that ensued. I met our Captain, who said "the Sergeant had a letter for me,"—with the most peculiar feelings I seized it and saw the hand writing of my loved sister in Maryland,—my home, now so many weary leagues away. The delight I experienced was not unmingled however with the thought that perhaps at this very spot, the entrance to a wild desert, I had bid adieu finally to all I held dear. We travelled 22 miles, and as it was late at night when we halted, we spread our blankets on the sand and slept soundly till morning.

18th.—I rose by day-light and took a slice of bread and meat. We started early and came 23 miles, where we found some water standing in pools. We tried to erect the tents, but the wind was too high—had to cook that night with *buffalo chips*;—strange fuel even for soldiers to use.

19th.—After marching 10 miles to-day, we came to the Cimarone Springs—a sweet stream. Here we found grass enough for our poor horses. It is truly an oasis in the *desert.*

Sunday, 20th.—We crossed an arm of the Cimarone, but the waters were dried up,—dug for water but found none. Went on 5 miles further, dug again, and procured enough for ourselves and horses. In our route of 25 miles we saw the ground encrusted with salt. A singular animal attracted our notice. It was a horned frog, a great curiosity. Every thing was involved in a thick cloud of dust.

21st.—One of the members of the Randolph Company, a gentleman by the name of Jones, died last night of consumption. He took the trip for his health, but to-day his remains were interred, not far from the camp, with the honors of war.

22nd.—We still travelled on the Cimarone, though only at certain places could we procure water. A deep sand retarded the progress of the army. On arriving where we had to encamp we found 42 wagons, laden with goods. They were the property of a Mr. Gentry, a trader who has amassed great wealth, in merchandising between Independence, Santa Fe and Chihuahua. He speaks the Spanish language, and had nearly a dozen Spaniards in the caravan.

23d.—We had a considerable storm last night—and the hard rain made it rather disagreeable, especially so to me, as I had to do the duty of a sentinel in the first watch, with a wolf howling most dismally within 50 yards of me. I would have fired at him, but I had to obey orders and not arouse the camp by a false alarm. We saw to-day the bones of 91 mules, which perished in a snow-storm last winter. The bones were piled by the road side,

24th.—Overtook another caravan,—still passing up the Cimarone, whose bed is through a sandy plain, at length we came to a hill from whence we descried the Rocky Mountains, rising abruptly in the distance. In our route we crossed a small spur. Mr. White, our first Lieutenant, with several others ascended one, which presented the appearance of frowning rocky precipices. From its highest peaks, he brought down seashell, and petrifactions of various kinds. We had great difficulty in procuring buffalo chips. It was very amusing to see the boys in search of this indispensable article, our only resource to cook with.

25th.—We reached "Cool Spring" to-day, and found refreshing and delightful water, bursting from a solitary rock of enormous dimensions, the sides of which are covered with the names of various travellers. Our pleasant officer, Mr. White, called me up, saying "he wished to see my name on a spot he pointed out,"—so taking a hearty draught from his canteen, which was just filled, I went up, and had scarcely carved my name, to remain there a monument of my folly I suppose, when I discovered my horse making off with my accoutrements, canteen, &c. Hurried down and started after the beast. After running a great distance in the deep sand, I succeeded in capturing the runaway. Nineteen miles further on we encamped in a deep ravine, among cliffs and rocks, here a few cedar trees were found. They afforded a seasonable supply of wood to cook with. The Rocky Mountains were in sight all day.

26th.—After a slight breakfast of bread and meat, we left this inhospitable place in disgust. It did not afford grass for our horses to graze on. We proceeded 12 miles through a dreary waste, and had to encamp at night in a place where there was no water.

27th.—I was awakened by the Sergeant of the Guard at 2 o'clock this morning, it being my turn to stand sentinel of the morning watch. After breakfast we went on 15 miles to Cotton Wood Creek. There we fixed up our tents, but no forage being found for our half-starved animals, we soon took them down again, and proceeded 5 miles on, to Rabbit Creek. At this place there was plenty of grass and some tolerable scenery, but we were in no condition to enjoy it; being late in the night we spread our blankets on the prairie, and composed our wearied limbs to rest.

28th.—Our journey was still continued through a dry and sterile land, where there is neither wood, water, nor grass—late in the evening we came to a pool of water. It was cool and good, and we drank of it freely. Our wagons did not come up till very late, and being tired, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and laid down to sleep without our supper. We went supperless, not to bed,—but to the sod.

October 1st.—The last two days of September we remained at a place called Whetstone Creek, to rest. This Whetstone Creek is another oasis. It was the source of great joy to ourselves and our mules and horses. Our pastime was like the boy's holiday whose mother allowed him to stay at home from school to saw wood and bring water. Our resting spell was a spell of hard work, and most industriously did we labor in cleansing our arms for inspection by the Colonel. And we had to do a deal of marching and countermarching. Indeed the parade lasted so long and with so many manœuvres were we exercised, that the patience of officers and men was worn to its extremity. It was nearly thread-bare. And then came the orders for every man to see to his own supply of provisions and water, as another desert was to be traversed. So we go,—changing from bad to worse. To-day, after a march of 10 miles, we reached the "Point of Rocks,"—a significant name. Late at night we encamped in a valley between high mountains, where there was some grass, but no water.

2nd.—We still moved on over barren rocks and sand hills. We labored hard all day to leave them behind us. The hope cheered us of soon finding water, we realized it at the far-famed Red River. Our whole force encamped on its banks about night-fall. The waters of this distinguished river are brackish, but refreshing. Incrustations of salt are formed upon the rocks lying above its surface. This river was named Rio Colorado by the early Santa Fe traders; who, without having followed it down to any considerable distance, believed it to be the head waters of the great river of this name, which flows into the Mississippi below Natchez. It has however since been followed down to its junction with the Arkansas, and found to be the Canadian fork of that river. We were now within 140 miles of Santa Fe, having marched more then 600 miles over a country destitute of timber, with but little water, and occupied only by roving bands of Indians who subsist wholly upon buffalo meat. We saw immense herds of that animal on the Arkansas and its tributaries. The whole country presents, thus far, the most gloomy and fearful appearances to the weary traveller. But rough and uninviting as it is, all who visit New Mexico via Santa Fe, are compelled to pass it.

3rd.—We have journeyed well to-day, having reached St. Clair Springs. It is a beautiful spot, well watered—and glowing in delightful verdure. It is surrounded by mountains, the surface of which are covered with craggy rocks. We searched for miles around our camp for wood, with little success. The different companies killed a number of antelopes here.

Sunday, 4th.—We are still encamped, and shall remain in our position till the morning of the 5th. I took a walk to "wagon mound," so called from the shape of its top, being like a covered wagon when seen in the distance. This mountain top is surrounded by a cliff of craggy rocks at least 100 feet in height. A most beautiful view is presented to the beholder. To the south you see hills covered with cedar and pine, situated in the immense prairie; to the north and north-west, are seen mountains with rocks piled upon rocks, with here and there groves of evergreens; far away to the east, is the desert, over which we had just passed.—The sides of this mountain are covered with a hard kind of sand, and pumice stone, having the appearance of cinder. Whilst I am writing, being situated as far up, as it is prudent to go, an adventurous fellow, by the name of George Walton, has gained the wagon top, two others have also ascended, an achievement that few can perform. North of us there is a salt lake which we intend to visit this evening.

Sunday Afternoon.—Lieut. Smith and myself took a stroll to the lake. We found a thick crust of salt around its edge, which is several miles in circumference. We returned to camp by a mountain path, very difficult to travel.

5th.—Eighteen miles were passed over to-day, through a mountainous country. We had just erected our tents and prepared for rest, when an evidence that we were approaching some civilized country, arrived in the shape of a Frenchman, who met us here with a travelling grocery. This concern came from Moras—a barrel of whiskey was strapped on the back of a poor mule—which stuff, some of our soldiers were foolish enough to drink: It sells at $1 per pint. Such dear drinking ought to make drunkards scarce.

6th.—Saw a mud cottage on the road side to-day. The sight was most pleasant to our eyes, accustomed as they were for forty-four days to a wild waste. As we rode up, every one must have a look into the house. It was inhabited by a native of North Carolina, whose wife is a Spanish woman. After being somewhat gratified with the sight of a house, though built of mud with its flat roof, we went on 18 miles, and encamped at a town called Rio Gallenas Bagoes. On visiting this place we were struck with the singular appearance of the town and its inhabitants. The town consists of mud huts containing apartments built on the ground. The men were engaged in pounding cornstalks from which sugar is made; the women with faces tattooed and painted red, were making tortillas. We ate some, and found them excellent.

7th.—The wagons which contained our provisions coming in sight, we prepared the wood, which we obtained with difficulty, for boiling the coffee, &c., when Col. Mitchell rode up and told us the wind was too high to encamp. And hungry as we were, we went ahead 17 miles through a forest of pine to Ledo Barnell, where we encamped for the night. A grisly bear was killed to-day by some members of the Randolph Company.

8th.—We passed the large village of San Miguel to-day. Col. Mitchell and his interpreter went forward in search of a good place to encamp. The weather was dry and pleasant, with a suitable temperature for travelling. The most disagreeable annoyance is the sand, which is very unpleasant when the wind is high.

9th.—Col. Mitchell had chosen a spot for our encampment, about 12 miles from our last resting place, near the foot of a mountain. There was no water to be found. Impelled by necessity we followed an Indian trail over the mountain 5 miles, and after riding through the thick pines for several hours we found the coveted treasure. As may be supposed we drank most heartily, after which we filled our canteens and returned to camp about 12 o'clock at night. We learned that Santa Fe was about 25 miles off.

10th.—We arrived at the mountain pass at 10 o'clock, and reached Santa Fe about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The glorious stars and stripes floating over the city was the first object that greeted our sight. We formed and marched into the town in order. We were received with martial music and several rounds of blank cartridges were fired as a welcome to us. We paraded in the square fronting the Governor's house. After parade I took a walk through the town. The wagons did not arrive with our tents in time for us to encamp, and with our blankets around us, we laid down to rest. The blue sky was our canopy.

Sunday, *11th.*—It was so cold and disagreeable last night that I found it impossible to sleep. I shivered through the night on the hard soil, and rose this morning with a severe headache. I walked about to keep myself warm. After eating three small crackers for breakfast, I went to Church in company with several others, to hear a Catholic Priest. The music was prettily performed on various instruments. An old man in the meantime turning round before an image, and after he had bowed to the people several times the music ceased. All was over—and we returned to camp. I felt sick and sad, for the worship did not refresh my spirits. This evening I was pall bearer to a member of the Benton Company, who died in the Hospital soon after his arrival. We carried him out about a mile from the city to his final resting place. Four others were buried to-day, who died from fatigue and exhaustion. They belonged to the different companies. The muffled roll of the drum, and the firing of the farewell to the dead, did not have a tendency to cheer me.

12th.—This morning the roll was called, and various duties assigned the soldiers. Some had to work on the Fort, and others to cut and haul wood. In the latter employment I had to become teacher to some green hands. I found the task very troublesome—but performed it to the best of my ability. In the evening I wrote letters to my friends in Maryland.

15th.—The two past days have been employed in preparations for our departure from Santa Fe. We have encountered much trouble and perplexity in getting teams, &c., have to travel 80 miles up the mountains where we shall take up our winter quarters. We went out 6 miles and encamped. Having a severe headache, I tried my best to get some rest at night, but I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was awakened by the officer to stand guard. I arose mechanically, feeling pretty much as I should suppose a fellow might feel who was on his way to execution. Taking up my gun I went to a large fire, where I sat quietly for two hours, watching my feelings more than I did the camp, for I was very unwell.

16th.—The breaking down of some wagons detained us here till late. After starting we met a number of Spaniards, mounted on mules. We passed some little patches of corn badly cultivated, which they dignify with the name of farms. A messmate wishing some red pepper, I called with him at a house, but it was all "*no comprenda*"—"*dont understand you,*" so we got no red pepper. We went on to the next habitation through a broken country; here we found our third Lieutenant with the interpreter arranging for our camp. As we had to wait for the other companies to come up, I rested on some corn shucks, and very pleasantly did the bed feel. It was a bed of down in comparison with that to which I had been accustomed. I had slept on the ground for more than three months. Nothing grows spontaneously in this country but the Spanish broom.

17th.—Colds, and other complaints, are becoming common in our ranks. After the fatigue of marching on foot, heavily armed, we were illy calculated to do the duties of the camp. Our horses being too much enfeebled for further use, after our arrival at Santa Fe, were sent up the mountain to recruit. Thus our hardships increase with our progress. The ground being very broken where we encamped to-night, which is in a wheat field, I gathered all the stubble I could, to make our beds soft and even,—bought some wood to cook with from the natives.

18*th*.—I started alone, and tried to overtake two messmates who had gone on before me. I had not proceeded more than 6 miles when I found my two young gentlemen playing cards on the road side. I passed them, and came to a village where I saw a considerable number of Spaniards. An old woman invited me in her house and set before me some tortillas and corn-stalk-molasses, which were quite a treat. I remained there several hours, but thinking I had missed my way I was about to take leave, with many thanks for their hospitality, when, to my great surprise and embarassment, the old lady and her daughter most affectionately embraced me. I suppose it was the custom among these simple hearted mountaineers, but of which I was quite ignorant. I was thankful for the meal my hostesses had provided for me, but the hugging was a luxury I did not anticipate, nor was I the least ambitious of having it repeated. I found my company without much difficulty. We went on and crossed the Rio Grande. In the first stream I got my feet wet; the second was too deep for wading, and I was kindly invited by our Sergeant to mount behind him. We encamped there, having travelled 19 miles that day.

19*th*.—We were surrounded by the natives, who appeared friendly. When we came to the place where our horses were feeding, we learned from the soldiers in charge, that some of them had died, and that several had been stolen or had strayed away,—mine, of course, was among the missing. While the others were preparing to mount, I shouldered my musket and walked on in sand, half a foot deep. The walk was exceedingly tiresome. I saw large quantities of wild geese on the Rio Grande. After marching 8 miles we encamped.

30th.—All on horseback this morning in fine style, except myself and a few others equally unfortunate. We made the best use of our scrapers through the sand. After walking awhile we came to a house on the road side, the inhabitants of which, men, women and children came rushing out. We were at a loss to know what it meant, till we saw them surround a colored man, (our Surgeon's cook,)—who proved a novel sight to them. The poor fellow was quite mortified at being made a show of on account of his color. We went on 8 miles and encamped among the Utah Indians. They are at war with the Navihoes, who have hunted them nearly down. After supper I asked permission of our Captain to accompany Mr. White, and several others to their encampment. Here, around a large fire sat an Indian chief with his squaws. After being introduced by our interpreter, a council was called. After some jabbering, a regular war-dance commenced. Their best warriors, equipped in full costume, and painted most hideously in twenty different ways—danced furiously around a large fire, to the music of kettles and drums. It was a horrid din, in which mingled the war-whoop. We gazed with astonishment till its conclusion, when an old chief made a long speech. We then returned to our camp to meditate upon what we had seen and heard, and to wonder at the strangeness of character and habit exhibited by these poor creatures.

31st.—We were surrounded by the Indians before our breakfast was over. They came on to Abiquo, and encamped near us. There are several villages in this place. We arrived there about two o'clock, and took up our quarters. The companies under Major Gilpin which were stationed there, and which we had been sent to relieve, were greatly worn and reduced with their long stay among the mountains. There was another dance at night in the Indian camp,—being much tormented with sandburs, I did not go out. We had to eat our provisions half cooked, from the scarcity of wood. I and a messmate were forced to "hook" two small poles from a fodder crib, and when we returned to camp we found the companies on parade, and the Captain telling them the order of the next day.

22nd.—The whole command, viz. two companies from Col. Price's Regiment, consisting of about one hundred and eighty men, were obliged to remove to-day 4 miles further up the river, in order to obtain grass and fuel. This place being entirely destitute of either. At night, I went with our interpreter and third Lieutenant to several houses, to buy a mutton. While on our errand we met with some ladies;—one of them had a dough face; all the rest were smeared with red, and to my fancy, not at all beautiful. We returned to camp without our mutton, and not a little disappointed.

23rd.—The country here is bare and sterile to a great degree, but there is an improvement with regard to fuel, which is so necessary at this season, in this mountainous country. I believe we are stationary at last. I was kept busy all day writing letters for the soldiers, many of whom very gladly do my washing and mending in return, for this slight service. I had rather at any time write than cook and wash and mend clothes.

24th.—I felt sick to-day. I took cold from a severe drenching, while on duty as a sentinel last night. A heavy cold rain was falling the whole time. I strove to assist in making our camp as comfortable as possible, and in the evening despatched two letters to Santa Fe, for my beloved friends in Maryland.

Sunday, 25th.—At day break this morning, a number of Mexicans came to camp; jabbering to themselves in a great rage about something. At first we could not ascertain the cause of their trouble, there being no interpreter present, and none of the soldiers knowing enough of the Spanish language to comprehend their meaning; soon however, it was discovered that about sundown last evening, the Captain of our company had caused the embankment of their mill and irrigating pond, to be broken, a short distance above camp on the bank of the river, so as to prevent it from overflowing the bed of his tent. The water of course rushed out with great force, tearing the embankment down and washing the earth away for a considerable distance, stopping their mill and leaving many families destitute of water; all of which serious injuries, the Captain seemed disinclined to repair. This behavior of the Captain met with but little favor from his men. To their honor be it spoken.

26*th*.—This morning our Lieutenant went round the camp to get volunteers to repair the broken ditch. All seemed unwilling to do any thing—some had their horses to find, others to cut and haul wood. The men had no idea of laboring gratuitously for the repair of a deed wantonly done by their Captain. I with several others walked 4 miles up the river, with our axes, for the purpose of getting wood. We crossed the river several times in the wildest and most out-of-the-way places, between high cragged mountains which it was impossible to ascend. We returned to camp with our wagon loaded, though we encountered great difficulty in accomplishing it. We found there was a disagreeable misunderstanding among the officers respecting the embankment. The Captain wished soldiers detailed for its repair, and the Lieutenants thinking it an imposition on the poor fellows to stand in the mud to work such cold weather, without compensation.

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28*th*.—We are now living in the midst of the greatest abundance of life's luxuries. As an evidence of our high living, I will transcribe our bill of fare for the week. It is as follows:

Monday.—Bread, beef, (tough as leather,) bean soup.

Tuesday.—Tough beef, bread, and bean soup.

Wednesday.—Bean soup, bread, and tough beef—and so on to the end of the week.

The greatest *harmony* prevails in camp, especially among the officers, the Captain and first Lieutenant are the greatest *friends* imaginable, they do every thing in their power for the good of the company. They are the *bravest* and most *patriotic* officers in the regiment. In this lovely and fertile valley, encamped on the banks of the Rio Charma, we are enjoying all the *blessings* of life. We are charmed by the surpassing beauty of the polished Spanish ladies, and living in so much *har-*

along with each other, that we almost imagine the "garden of Eden" to have been again raised for our enjoyment; and then, Oh! heavens, what a luxury amid these joys to feel the delightful sensations produced by the gentle and graceful movements of a Spanish *louse* as he journeys over one's body! The very thought of it makes me poetic, and I cannot resist the temptation of dedicating a line to the memory of moments so exquisite. How appropriate are the words of Moore to such occasions of bliss?

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
I feel the cursed creatures bite,
As scores are crawling round me.

O not like one who treads alone
The banquet hall deserted;—
In crowds they crawl despite the groan
Of him whose blood they started.

When I took up my Journal to add a few items, I found the above had been written by some wag in my absence. He was disposed to ridicule my description of the felicity of which I boasted. Our boys are rather mischievous, and I must confess that I felt rather waggish myself when I made the boast of our possessing Eden-like pleasures. The continuation of my narrative pleased me so well that I consented to let it remain as it was written. Our mischievous feeling and manner of expression is the most innocent way in which we can relieve ourselves, for we privates are suffering many privations while some of our officers refuse to speak to each other. I am glad, however, that our troubles are so merrily turned into ridicule, the best way sometimes to treat them. We are not destitute of sport however—many amusing scenes occur among us, debating societies are formed among the soldiers in which the most absurd questions are dilated upon with a vehemence and mock seriousness truly laughable. A breakfast of coffee without sugar, some very poor beef soap, and onions sliced up with parched corn, made a better meal for us to-day than we have had for some days past. Yesterday I traded off two *needles* to the Spanish girls for six ears of corn and some onions, it was a trade decidedly profitable for both parties. In company with our first Lieutenant, his brother, William White, Dr. Dunlap, and a number of others, I went up on a high peak of the Rocky Mountains. We had been there but a few minutes when it commenced snowing. We kindled a large fire, and amused ourselves by listening to the reverberations of sound produced by our Lieutenant's revolver, who fired six rounds. Becoming thirsty, we searched and found water in the crevice of the rock close to the edge of the precipice. It was too far below the surface for us to drink by stooping over, and William White proposed to throw in gravel, in order to raise the water, reminding me of one of Æsop's fables. We followed his advice and the water was soon forced to rise high enough for our purpose. The snow increasing, we came down and made another fire in a large hollow of the rock, where all but myself sat down to cards. It was an amusement that I did not relish, and I sought my gratification in loosing the rocks and rolling them down the side of the mountain, which is at least a thousand feet above the level of our camp.

29th.—To-day, Charles Perkins and myself took our guns and proceeded down the river several miles in search of game. We fired at several flocks of wild geese and ducks, but it only scared them further off. We passed several Spanish houses on our return. When we reached the camp we found the soldiers at different employments, some playing cards, and others making articles to sell to the natives. A Mr. Hatfield was engaged in the manufacture of a *grindstone* to trade to the Spaniards for corn and beans. These, with onions, are the only vegetables they grow.

30th.—The mountains are covered with snow, and, after raining hard all night, this morning it is clear and cold. We made the best preparations we could to send the wagons back to Santa Fe for provisions, as late last night, our second Lieutenant returned, after an absence of five days, and brought news that we are to take up our winter quarters in this dreadful region. There seems to be very little likelihood of our going south at all. The officers went in search of other quarters to-day.

31st.—We had a heavy fall of rain last night, which improved into a snow storm before morning. I slept very uncomfortably, as a high wind from the north had full sweep in the door of our tent. We were inspected at 11 o'clock, and carried through all the evolutions of the drill. After the parade we could scarcely keep warm, though wrapped in our blankets, and crowded around the fire. Yesterday one of our beef cattle died from starvation. The Mexicans came down, and took it off to their habitations. We might have made a speculation by selling it but did not think of it.

Sunday, November 1st.—Several of my mess are going up the mountains to look for their horses. I offered a friend $5 (should I ever again possess that sum) to search for mine. I read aloud in my Testament to some of the boys, while others sat apart, or pitched quoits. At night a Spaniard came in camp with a fiddle, and played a number of tunes which so exhilirated my poor half frozen companions that they united in a dance which they kept up till a late hour.

2nd.—Some Taos flour, coarsely ground in the little native mills on the Rio Grande, badly baked in the ashes, and some coffee without sugar, now comprise our only sustenance. Between meals, however, we parch some corn, which we now and then procure of the natives in exchange for buttons, needles, or any little matter we can spare. At 9 o'clock, we struck our tents, and marched down the river two miles to a deserted Spanish house nearly in ruins. The inhabitants were murdered by the Navihoe Indians. This is the place where we are to take up our winter quarters. I can scarcely describe this wretched den. The soldiers have looked in and they have become very dissatisfied. They were told by the Captain to erect their tents inside the wall. All the houses in this region having that protection. We could not sleep in the house on account of the offensive odour. The tent was much more comfortable.

3rd.—As soon as our breakfast of beef soup and coffee was over, some of the men were appointed to scrape and clean the house. I with several others was sent to the mountains to cut and haul wood. After walking two miles, we procured a load of green pine, which does not grow here more than half the usual size. On the return, I thought I would take a near cut to our camp alone. I turned into a foot-path, which led me to the top of a high mountain. Here I could see our quarters, though a long distance off. I took a direct course, and soon arrived at camp, where I found our boys writing down a vocabulary of Spanish words. They have become very erudite of late.

4th.—All this day we did nothing but write down words from the language spoken by the people, who, from their complexion, appear to be a mixture of the Spanish and Indian races. We made a pretty good dictionary among us.

5th.—This day is very unpleasant. It is raining hard. At 4 o'clock, our first Lieutenant, Mr. White, returned from Santa Fe. He brought bad news. He could get no provisions, except one fourth rations of flour, and one and a half barrels of mess pork. But notwithstanding all this, our boys are still very lively.

6th.—We had great labor to-day in procuring fuel sufficient for our present purpose, and the prospect of a long and severe winter before us, makes our situation rather unenviable.

7th.—On short allowance yesterday and to-day, a little bread, (i. e. two pints for six men,) some fried beef, and coffee without sugar.

Sunday, 8th.—Although the morning was cloudy and cold, I walked with twenty others down to Abique to Church. On arriving we went into the priest's room. He very politely invited us to be seated, and then commenced asking all kinds of questions about the United States. He seemed to take great interest in teaching us the Spanish language. He made us repeat after him, many long and hard words. We sat two hours with him and then went in church, where a large congregation was assembled. In a few minutes our priest made his appearance, dressed in gold lace, and ascended the pulpit, while all present fell on their knees. The music of various instruments now commenced, the priest the meanwhile, drinking sundry glasses of wine. The people remained on their knees till the music ceased, when all retired.

It was noised among the soldiers that a fandango would take place in the evening. Some of us went in to enquire of the priest, who informed us that the fandango was to be at a village some miles further off. In a little while, a Mexican guide was hired to escort us. After walking a mile we came to a river, when this Spanish fellow, very quietly sat down to pull off his shoes, and told all who were in favor of wading the stream to follow his example. Eight of the boys immediately commenced stripping to cross, declaring that nothing should disappoint them from attending a fandango. As I had a bad cold, with some others, who felt no inclination to wet their feet, I returned to our quarters.

9th.—All this day in the mountains cutting wood.

10th.—I went with several others to search for lost horses. We had not gone far when to my great joy I found mine which had not been seen since we left Santa Fe. We heard volleys of musketry in the direction of our camp, and were at a loss to understand the meaning, till on our return, we learned that a dog had been buried with the honors of war. This poor dog had been a great favorite with our Captain and all the company; he was most foolishly shot by a soldier on guard last night. The man was made to dig his grave, and will be detailed on extra duty as a punishment, the Captain being much exasperated. This evening I, with four others took rations for five days, in order to drive the horses down the river to graze. Late at night, we reached a Spanish village, where we stopped. A mile from that place, a fandango was to come off, and the ladies of the place were preparing for the dance. They were nicely equipped in their best finery, and the soldiers were engaged to accompany them. Not being very desirous of attending the fandango, I preferred to remain and try to get some rest, of which I was very much in need. The party was soon prepared and off they started, leaving me behind to cook supper and arrange matters for their comfort when they should return. I browned the coffee, fried the beef, made the bread, and having all things in readiness, I drank a cup of coffee and laid down to rest on a mattress placed on the floor. As far as the thing I laid on was concerned, I was comfortable enough; the mattress was a luxury; but I could not sleep; the reasons were various. I was lying in a house, when I was accustomed to dwell in tents;—my quarters were divided between myself, several donkies and mules and two small children,—the odour of the donkies was not the most agreeable, nor their noise very harmonious;—the children knew their mother was out and did their best at crying. The woman had gone to the fandango, where I hope she enjoyed better music than that which she left for the lulling of my sensibilities into sweet slumbers.

11th.—Our soldiers did not return from the fandango till 3 o'clock this morning, and I was appointed to get breakfast while they slept. I had considerable trouble in accomplishing this service, as the girls crowded around the fire, and I had frequently to pass the frying pan over the naked feet of a pretty girl who was sitting near me. In company with a young Spaniard, who was exceedingly agreeable and polite, I went out after breakfast to kill wild geese. We walked a long distance, and returned unsuccessful.

12th.—I find the family residing here, very agreeable. I was invited, and almost forced to accompany them to a fandango last night (for they do little else but dance.) All on horseback, the married men mounted behind their wives, we started. A little baby in its mother's arms becoming troublesome, one of our men, who said he was a married man, most gallantly rode up, and offered to carry the little creature. The mother thankfully resigned it to his charge. There was more pleasure in the idea of enjoyment at the fandango than in taking care of a cross child. When we arrived at Abiquo, an old man invited us to partake of his hospitality;—an invitation we gladly accepted. We went in accordingly, and after all were seated on the floor in the posture of a tailor, a large earthen vessel was placed before us containing pepper sauce and soup; and a few tortillas, (a thin paste made of corn rubbed between flat stones.) The sauce caused my mouth to burn to a blister. The people are very fond of condiments, and become so accustomed to them that what will burn a stranger's mouth has no effect upon theirs. After all was over, we went across the street to attend the fandango. From the crowd, I should judge it was high in favor with all classes of the community. Some of the performers were dressed in the most fantastic style, and some scarcely dressed at all. The ladies and gentlemen whirled around with a rapidity quite painful to behold, and the music pealed in deafening sounds. I took my seat near a pretty girl, and every time she leaned on my shoulder, which she did pretty often, her beau would shake his head in token of his displeasure, and showing his jealous disposition. I left the place about 10 o'clock, and returned to our quarters.

13th.—We visited our camp to-day at the Spanish ruins. The Captain and officers were glad to see us, especially as we had good news in relation to the horses. We had them in charge, and exhibited them to our comrades as the trophies of our success. On our return, we killed two wild geese and four rabbits, which we found a great help to our stock of provisions which was then very low.

14th.—I was left alone with the Spaniards to-day, while our boys were attending to the horses. My Spanish friends are very courteous, but there is little to relieve the monotony of our intercourse, as from my ignorance of the language I am unable to converse with them.

15th.—This morning we had one of our wild geese stewed for breakfast, which we had without coffee, and almost without bread. After breakfast I started to camp to draw provisions of some kind. When at camp I concluded to remain there.

16th.—I was told by the Sergeant to-day, that there was no flour to issue. He referred me to the Captain, who directed young Bales and myself to a mill some distance off, where we procured *60lbs.* of unsifted Taos flour very coarsely prepared. With this, we returned, and in a few minutes nearly the whole was appropriated to the use of the half starved soldiers. A very small portion of this brown flour fell to our share. This evening we are without food, or nearly so. Martin Glass, an old veteran, who has seen service, and belongs to my mess, got a few ears of corn and parched it in a pan, with a small piece of pork to make it greasy. When it was done, we all sat around the fire and ate our supper of parched corn greased with fat pork. The weather to-night is extremely cold.

17th.—Awoke early this morning and found it snowing very hard. At 10 o'clock I went to our first Lieutenant's quarters. He was engaged in appraising some cattle which are pressed into our service, and for which the natives were to be paid. A bull has just been killed, and the offals are being greedily devoured by our poor fellows. At 11 o'clock to-day our third Corporal died, having been sick with camp fever and inflammation of the brain several weeks. At 3 o'clock his grave was dug and the poor fellow was wrapped in his blanket—and buried without a coffin. To-night there are several of our men sick with the measles, supposed by our Surgeon to have been brought from Santa Fe.

18th.—The snow four inches deep—clear and very cold—another grave dug to-day for a member of the Livingston company, making five who have died since we have been out here. They are all buried near the mountain, where poor Johnson was laid.

20th.—The past two days have been employed in procuring wood, which is hard labor; but we do not complain as our fare is improved by the addition of bean soup and coffee.

21st.—A court martial was held this morning to try our fourth Sergeant, who has said something derogatory to the character of our Orderly. After the court adjourned, we were ordered to form a line. Our first Lieutenant then stood in front and read the proceedings of the court. The decision was that our fourth Sergeant be reduced to the ranks for slander. It was ordered that if any man, or men should thereafter bring false charges against the officers, he or they, should be sent with a file of soldiers to Santa Fe, and tried at head quarters, &c. The company was then dismissed. Several of my mess concluded to run as candidates for the vacant place. They went among the crowd with tobacco and parched corn, electioneering. I was placed on guard at 9, and had to stand till 11 o'clock.

Sunday, 22*nd*.—A gloomy Sabbath morning—I felt badly, but concluded to go to church at Abiquu. As soon as the ceremonies were ended I went in the priest's room in company with my old friend Capt. Markle and several officers. After sitting awhile, a servant brought in a dish of refreshments, consisting of pies and wine. Placing the glass to my lips I discovered it to be *Taos whiskey*, as strong as alchohol. A taste of the pie, I thought might take away the unpleasant taste, so I crowded my mouth full, and found —alas! it was composed of onions, a dreadful fix indeed, for a hungry man, Taos whiskey and onion pie! —the very thought of the mess makes my mouth burn. When I returned to camp I found nearly every individual busily engaged at cards. Elias Barber, a messmate, was taken sick with the measles. The disease, is now raging among the troops.

23*d*.—We had great trouble in procuring fuel to-day. We had to travel far up the mountain for it, and it is exceedingly difficult to cook with it out of doors in the deep snow. It fell to my lot to make the bread, and I had much ado to-night, to make the mass stick together. I felt more than usual fatigue after the parade.

24*th*.—Elias Barber is very sick to-day. He spent a wretched night last night in a thin cotton tent. The wind is blowing on him constantly, while the measles are out very thick. I went to the Captain this morning and informed him of the situation of the young man. He told me if I could procure a place in the house, he might be brought in. I therefore went and after making preparations to move him, I was told that no such thing should be done. I then tried to get an extra tent to place over the one we are sleeping in, and even this was denied me. The poor fellow is lying out of doors, exposed to all the inclemency of this cold climate. And last night it was so cold that the water became frozen in our canteens. The Surgeon appears interested, but it is all to no purpose—nothing further is done for the comfort of the sufferer. May the Lord deliver me from the tender mercies of such men!

25th.—I felt quite unwell all day to-day. I suffered much with a severe attack of diarrhoea. Our lodgings are very uncomfortable. I went down to the Rio Grande to get water, and found it nearly frozen over. A great mortality prevails among the troops who are dying from exposure and disease.

26th.—I was very much engaged all day, in nursing poor Barber. He is worse to-day, the measles having disappeared from the surface. I sat by him the livelong night and listened to his delirious ravings, and I felt sad to think I had no means of relief. At 4 o'clock this morning the Captain came, and finding him so ill, brought out a tent to cover the one he laid in.

27th.—Last night, my messmate Philips returned from Santa Fe, with a message from Col. Price to the different Captains, to send on ten men from each company, as an escort for Col. Mitchell, who was about to start for Chihuahua. From thence he is to proceed to open a communication with General Wool. To-day an express arrived from Col. Mitchell for the same purpose. We were hastily paraded, to ascertain how many would volunteer to go, when I, with five others of my company stepped out of the ranks, and had our names enrolled. We were satisfied that we could not render our situation worse, and hoped any change might be for the better. We hastened to the grazing ground, over the mountain, for our horses, which occupied us all day. Mine was gone of course. To prevent delay, I gave my note to a young man for a horse which belonged to a deceased soldier.

28th.—A full company having been made up, this morning we gathered at our quarters, and were ready at 8 o'clock to take leave of our kind hearted comrades. They bid us "good bye," with many expressions of regret, and injunctions to write often. We pursued our journey 35 miles, and put up late in the evening at the house of a rich Spaniard, who accommodated us with an empty room twenty feet square, but it had so small a fire-place that we could not use it for our culinary purposes, so we were forced to do most of our cooking in the open air. It fell to my lot as usual to make the bread, and I kneaded 40 lbs. of Taos flour in a mass, and baked thirty-six good sized cakes, while two others prepared our camp kettles of coffee, &c.

Sunday, 29*th*.—At 4 o'clock we ate our breakfast, and were on the road by daylight. We travelled all day without stopping, and arrived at Santa Fe at 6 o'clock in the evening. We went immediately to the American Hotel where supper was provided for us. Nineteen men sat down to the table, none of whom had enjoyed such a privilege for nearly four months. All were hungry, and it was amusing to see how we tried to eat our landlord out of house and home. After supper we retired to our quarters in a very small room.

30*th*.—Word was sent from Col. Mitchell this morning for us to parade before the Governor's house for inspection. Our horses were also examined, and all being found in good order for the trip, we were dismissed and conducted to our quarters, in the court house; where we drew our rations, viz., 30lbs. of good American flour, with pork enough to last five days.

December 1*st*.—Paraded again soon after breakfast, and were told by our Captain, that previously to our departure, we must all march to the Sutler's store, and acknowledge our indebtedness to him, so up we rode in right order and dismounted. We had a peep at our accounts, and I found mine to be $30.75. I had purchased a few articles of clothing on my route, being forced to do so from necessity. I was therefore not surprised at the amount, especially when I read the prices of some of the articles, viz. a small cotton handkerchief $1—suspenders $1—flannel shirt $3—tin coffee pot $1.50, &c. &c. Here we bade farewell to our Captains, who had accompanied us to Santa Fe to see us off. Captain Williams shook me cordially by the hand saying, he had no expectation of seeing me again in this world. Captain Hudson now took charge, and rode with us two miles out of town—here he informed us, we had a dangerous rode to travel, but would leave us to the care of Lieutenant Todd for two days, till we were joined by Col. Mitchell and himself. He returned to town, and we came on four miles and stopped at a house, whose master sold us forage for our horses and wood, it being severely cold. Sixty of us occupied two large rooms for the night.

2nd.—We marched 25 miles to a place called San Domingo, and took quarters in a deserted house. This is a considerable place, with a handsome church, which was being illuminated when we arrived. In a little time the bells began to ring, and there was a firing of musketry and considerable commotion at the door of the church. Several of our soldiers were induced to go up and enquire into the meaning of the uproar. We were told that a converted Indian chief had just died, and all this was to prevent him from going down to purgatory. The roll of the drum and firing continued a long time, when the ceremonies commenced in the church, from the door of which we saw many large wax candles burning, but not being permitted to enter, we very quietly retired.

3rd.—After travelling six miles we came to an Indian village called San Felippe, and two miles further down the Rio Grande we encamped in the midst of a good pasture for our horses. After supper, our Lieutenant told me I was honored with the appointment of Captain of the Watch. In consequence of this distinction, I had to be up nearly all night. It was very cold. We were now comparatively happy, for we had plenty of good flour from the States, with coffee, sugar, &c.

4th.—We learn that we shall be obliged to stay here till Col. Mitchell comes up with the other company, so we seize the opportunity to have our horses shod. Two blacksmiths are now at work; I have just bought a set of shoes and nails from our Sutler for $3.

5th.—The weather has moderated somewhat, but the face of the country presents nothing inviting at this season of the year. Every thing has a desolate and wintry appearance. There being no food for our horses, we chopped down some limbs of the cotton wood tree for them to eat. We then went to a Mexican village to buy corn. Having no money, I took some tobacco and buttons to trade for the corn. While here, I sold my greasy blanket for a Navihoe one, with a meal for my horse in the bargain. The man with whom I traded was very kind; he set before me some corn, mush and sausages, but being seasoned with onions, I declined eating. He then brought in some corn stalk molasses, which I mixed with water and drank, thanking him for his hospitality. I returned to camp, when I found that Col. Mitchell, and the baggage wagons had arrived. I was officer of the guard to-night, and up till 10 o'clock.

Sunday, 6th.—Formed in line by our Colonel in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, and marched down the Rio Grande, a long distance. Our course is due south, keeping the river constantly on our right, and ranges of mountains on our left hand. We passed many villages, and at night encamped near one.

7th.—Rising early this morning to prepare breakfast, I found the snow four inches deep, and still snowing very fast. Marched in right order 15 miles, and after passing several towns situated on the banks of the river, we stopped at night at the large town of Alhikirk. Here are garrisoned one hundred and fifty regulars; near whose quarters we encamped in a large room 100 feet by 40. In this place we found a number of soldiers, some engaged in tailoring, some playing cards, and others amusing themselves in various ways.

8th.—The country through which we passed to-day is thickly dotted over with towns and villages, whose names I cannot remember, but the road is dismal enough, being still among the mountains, where every object the eye rests upon is covered with snow. The cold is very intense. We pitched our tents to-night under the walls of a town. We had six small ears of corn for our horses, and no fodder. I went to the Quarter Master and was informed by him that the Mexicans had refused to sell us any thing. I cut some buttons from a uniform jacket, and with them tried to purchase food for my horse, but I was refused every where. I sat down and made out a requisition, and with several others went to their large stacks, ten feet high, which we ascended, and threw down a large turn for each. We succeeded in coming off with our booty, and in a few minutes, we were in bed. We were not disturbed in conscience in the least, being fully covered by the axiom, "necessity knows no law."

9th.—We were called up this morning to lead our horses into ranks, when two guns and a sabre were missing. They had been taken from the tents by the Mexicans. After the line was formed, Col. Mitchell ordered the men who had lost their arms, to march out. He then told them they would be left behind to search the town, assisted by the alcade, and if they should not find their arms they would have to return to Santa Fe. We then left, marched 10 miles and encamped near a village. Our interpreter was sent to procure forage for the horses, but he returned with the news that none could be had. Our Captain told the Sergeant to go up with a file of soldiers and *take* what was wanting. He formed a line of twenty men, I among them, and marched off with our Orderly at the head, and second Sergeant, with the bags to put the corn in. At the door of the house, we were ordered to halt. The lock was broken, and we entered, filled our sacks and packed them down to the camp. In this adventure I made the acquaintance of a young man by the name of Hepbourn. He was born and raised in Prince George's County, Md. After supper, we were all ordered up to draw fifteen rounds of cartridges. A strong guard was ordered out to-night.

10th.—Having orders to march very early, we rose by light and proceeded down the river 18 miles, the country presenting very much the appearance already described. We saw a few vineyards, surrounded by walls. I felt miserably disordered from the cold and loss of rest. I was just about to sit down to supper, which I thought might revive me, when our Orderly came by, requesting the men to form in line immediately, as the Captain wished to read the Articles of War. We stood just one hour and listened to the dry detail. When the reading was concluded, we returned to our tents. After supper, sixteen men were detailed on guard. I stood two hours the first watch, and three hours before day-light. It was extremely cold.

11th.—The roll was called at day-break, and after parade we continued our march 12 miles and encamped in a town among the mountains. Wood was very scarce, and the severity of the weather increasing.

12th.—We eat our breakfast at day-light. It consisted of mess pork and bread, half baked by a miserable fire. We went 12 miles to a place where there is a fine supply of wood. Our poor fellows had the satisfaction of having a good fire all night, and it was very necessary, for the weather was tempestuous with cold gusts of wind and snow.

Sunday, 13th.—At one o'clock this morning I awoke and found myself so cold that I arose and went to the guard fire to thaw myself. I stood by the fire till day-light. The Captain in his round to visit the guard, stopped at the fire, and I had a pleasant chat with him. He is very clever and condescending. He remained an hour or two, and then woke up the Orderly to have all in readiness for a start. We came over the mountain 4 miles, where our road intersected the river again, passed a town, and further on encamped near the river. Our interpreter bought a beef from the natives, also a little wood to cook it. The wild geese are very numerous here.

14th.—The roll was called very early this morning, —and as my horse had a sore back, I asked the Captain's permission to walk behind the wagons. I walked all this day and led my horse. When I came up to the encampment I found that my mess had supper ready. It consisted of a kind of chicken pie, bread and coffee. I relished the supper very much, but by way of desert I received information that I had to stand sentinel. I walked my post two hours and then went to bed; being too cold to sleep, I got up at 2 o'clock, and went to the guard fire. The guard said he was very sleepy and would lie down if I would consent to serve while he slept. To this I readily agreed—and he laid down, while I made a large fire which soon attracted the attention of the other sentinels, and several of them collected around it. We enjoyed each others conversation till the morning dawned.

15th.—I woke up the Sergeant, who said we had walked our post 4 hours over the time. I received the compliment, but did not tell him that we had sat by the fire all the time. In his Irish brogue, and with a pipe in his mouth, he proceeded to call the roll. We are to stay here till the 17th.

16th.—Having secured some beef I made a large fire to get an early breakfast. Yesterday our Quarter Master pressed a lot of seven very good cattle from the Mexicans. Last night a strong guard of twenty men was stationed around our camp. The weather is still raw and cold. We are yet among the mountains.

17th.—This morning we reached the *second crossing* of the Rio Grande. Four miles beyond the crossing we overtook Col. Doniphan's command, and encamped near them. Having to walk and lead my horse, I did not come up till all were fixed. I found our boys very angry at a circumstance which they related and made me write down, with a promise to publish it—which promise I now fulfil. While on the march to-day, the Captain ordered a halt, and told the soldiers that he had been requested by the Lieutenants to beg them all not to come near their fire or tents, as it incommoded them greatly. He stated on his own behalf, as well as on behalf of the other officers, that it was quite a nuisance to have the privates lurking about their tents and fires. He said that something might be 'hooked' and that the Lieutenant had already lost some saleratus, &c. This was a poser. Our poor fellows could hardly endure it. Some of them were much exasperated. I tried to soothe them, and told them no other harm was meant then a slight intimation that we must keep away at meal times, as a knowledge of their better fare might make us dissatisfied, &c. All passed off better than I expected. We had to go a mile for water, and the thermometer at zero.

18th.—The situation of our tents was by no means pleasant. There was much complaint about stones and hillocks, lying hard, &c. Breakfast over, I started with the wagons, in company with some others, whose horses' backs were sore. I felt stupified from the cold and loss of rest, having walked my round five hours last night. We went on 12 miles which we trudged on foot. At night we cut some branches of the cotton wood for our horses to eat. We were preparing to rest, when our Captain told us, if any man lost his horse he would have to walk back to Santa Fe. He further said, that we had to go through a gloomy region or desert, 85 miles in extent, where no wood or water could be procured. He advised us to go to work and prepare food enough to last three or four days. I made up 30 lbs. of flour and baked eighteen cakes, while the balance was attended to by my mess.

19th.—We were all busy providing against the perils of our difficult and dangerous march. We shall have to keep close company, as the Navihoe Indians roam this desert in bands. At 11 o'clock we moved off in fine order, and marched 15 miles over the dreary plain. At 8 o'clock at night the Captain ordered a halt. We picked up a few weeds, kindled a little fire, took a cold cut of bread and meat, and laid on the ground to rest, without erecting the tents. A young man having drank too much of the "ardiente," very unluckily offended one of the officers, and was ordered to be tied to the wagon wheel. He cut a variety of capers while this was being done. His friends soon set him at liberty.

20th.—The news of a "spring in the desert" was brought by some scouts, who had started out on an exploring expedition. They found the spring in a place full 6 miles from our road. We drove the cattle over a miserably rough path to drink from the spring, which turned out to be a muddy pool. We afterwards marched 15 miles and encamped late at night. We took a slice of bread and meat and laid down to rest on our blankets.

21st.—The appearance of our Captain very early this morning aroused us. He came with the intelligence that Major Gilpin had sent on an express last night for a reinforcement, as he was expecting an attack every moment from the enemy. In a few minutes we were on the march, and without stopping to take breakfast we travelled 35 miles. We encamped late at night;

miles from the river, where men and beasts, thirsty and weary, were refreshed. I was afraid my horse would kill himself drinking. With six others, I pressed some oxen from the traders, whom we found encamped here, as the most of our team had given out and were left upon the road.

22nd.—Passed over 14 miles of broken wretched country to-day, the soil of which produces nothing but a kind of shrub called soap-weed. The inhabitants, it is said, use this weed in washing their clothes. We encamped in a rough place, among stones and hillocks.

23rd.—I trust the end of this "*jornada*," as it is called, and which means the "region of death," is nearly reached, for a march of 12 miles brought us to a village, where we halted to take in provisions bought by our Quarter Master. Proceeding 2 miles further we came up to Major Gilpin, whom we found encamped on a large sandy plain. We had to go 2 or 3 miles for wood. Our flour was nearly gone, and we had a little beef soup and rice for supper at night. The boys being still hungry, we went to the village and procured some dried fruit and pumpkins, which we sliced up and stewed in our camp kettles. Of this fare we partook heartily, and laid down to sleep in the sand.

24th.—The first blast of the bugle this morning made us hurry into line. Some of the men being rather tardy, were too late, and they were told by the officer who inspected us, that any man who did not come into rank at the sound of the bugle, would be made to stand guard three days. We broke ranks and ate our breakfast, which consisted of a small piece of bread, made up with pumpkin. The weather is now quite pleasant, and the country, hitherto so uniformly desolate, begins to improve in appearance.

BATTLE OF BRACITO.

25th.—In the union of our forces we are one thousand stong. Moved as early as usual from the position we have occupied the last three days, and after marching 12 miles, we came to Bracito, and encamped at 10 o'clock. We stripped our horses as usual, and picketed them out; went out to hunt wood to cook our dinners. Some of the men had gone at least a mile from camp when the alarm was given, "*to arms! to arms!*" Looking in the direction pointed out we saw a cloud of dust, as if the whole of Mexico was coming down upon us. Unwilling to throw away our wood, we ran with our turns on our shoulders, when we heard an officer hallooing "Throw away your wood and bring your horses into camp." We obeyed the order as quickly as possible. We found our Orderly at his post, directing the men to load their guns and get into line. Every man was at his proper place in a few minutes. By this time the Mexican army was in sight, and had formed in battle array at a distance of a mile from us. Presently an officer came out of their ranks, handsomely mounted and bearing a black flag. Col. Mitchel, accompanied with the interpreter, rode up to meet him on half way ground to enquire his business. He told them he had come to demand the surrender of our entire force, by submitting, he said, our lives would be spared—if we did not, every man would be put to death. Our interpreter cut short his harangue by telling him to "go to hell and bring on his forces." In the meantime our company (the Chihuahua Rangers) received orders from head quarters to right about, face and march from the right, where we were somewhat protected by brush, weeds and gopher hills, to the extreme left, in open ground, to withstand the charge of the Mexican cavalry; so off we marched in double quick time to our position on the left. Our Captain here told us to reserve our fire tell the enemy was in fair rifle distance, and added that he hoped no man in his command would act the coward, but all would do their duty as volunteers and American soldiers. He had scarcely done speaking, when the enemy commenced firing at us, from three to four hundred yards distant. They advanced closer, and continued to advance, pouring in volley after volley, till the sound of bullets over our heads reminded me of a hail storm.—We waited impatiently for the word of command. It was at length given, "fire." One loud peal of thunder was heard from our Missouri rifles. Consternation and dismay was the result, for, thrown into confusion, the Mexicans commenced obliquing to our left. Another volley, well aimed, caused them to *retreat* towards our wagons. Here they were met by a round from the wagon company. In the meantime Capt. Reid, at the head of eighteen hundred men, well mounted, pushed after them, chasing them to the mountains. All their provisions, guns, sabres, camp furniture, &c., besides one 10 pound howitzer, fell into our hands. The Mexican loss was estimated at thirty or forty killed and wounded, while we had but two slightly wounded. The Mexicans left their dead on the field.

26th.—With fifteen prisoners and a few wounded Mexicans, we resumed our march, the main army being flanked on both sides, and came on 16 miles and encamped in a desolate place filled with thorn bushes. Here we prepared our supper, and were about to sit down, when the report of a gun from the picket guard caused us to extinguish the fires, and form in line as quickly as possible. Presently our Lieutenant rode up and said it was a false alarm. We were ordered to break ranks and get our supper. Again we commenced that unfortunate meal, when the report of a second gun, so loud as to be heard by every one, again made us put the fires down. There was a tremendous clattering of arms, for all formed in line in a few seconds. At this moment Lieut. Cribbons rode up and said that in visiting one of the outer pickets, he was requested to give the countersign by the guard, whose gun was cocked, and he accidentally let the hammer down too heavily, causing it to explode, the lead passing close to the Lieutenant's face. After hearing this statement, we again broke ranks to resume our supper. I stood sentinel, to guard the wagons and piece of artillery taken from the enemy, till 12 o'clock, then went to bed—was awakened again at 3, and stood till 6 o'clock.

Sunday, 27th.—Col. Doniphan wishing an early start, the roll was called at light and we moved on in the same order as yesterday, with front and rear guard. We had scarcely travelled six miles, when at a distance over the river was seen a dust, as if a body of horsemen were meeting us. We were told to keep cool and obey orders. Continuing our course we met several Mexicans bearing a white flag. Their commander coming up, presented Colonels Doniphan and Mitchell his sabre. They then drank wine and other liquors together, and we resumed our march, crossed the Rio Grande, and encamped in the town of El Paso del Norte about nightfall. This is the noted pass between Old and New Mexico. The town contains about seven or eight thousand inhabitants, and is built along the margin of the river, several miles in length. The environs are cultivated to some extent, and the usual varieties of fruit grow here in abundance. The river is compressed in many places, to a very small compass, by the high and precipitous mountains, through which it winds its way.

28th.—Established our quarters a mile from the city, where there is a large coral or enclosure, in which to keep our horses. Throughout the day a variety of fruit was brought to camp by the natives, and readily bought up by the soldiers. The wind was high, and we were nearly blinded by clouds of dust, which being mixed with isinglass is very hurtful to the eyes.

29th.—To-day, Col. Doniphan, while searching the town, found two pieces of cannon, and after breaking several locks, a good deal of amunition was discovered. We all paraded and were carried through the regular drill.

January 1st, 1847.—The last two days being quite cold, with high winds, we kept in camp. After the usual parade to-day, Lieutenant Todd went to town about 10 o'clock in company with several of our men, but they returned in a short time at full speed, hallooing with all their might for us to get our horses quickly, and saddle up, for the Mexicans were coming on us. In a little while we were ready and marched over the river to join the other regiment, and prepared for battle. When we arrived at the ground, we were formed by Col. Doniphan, who despatched Col. Mitchell with twelve men to reconnoitre the enemy, who were reported to be in sight. In the course of an hour, they returned and said it was a false alarm. We then marched to the public square, and were informed by our Captain that arrangements were made to keep us in town, and that our camp equippage must be sent for. One out of each mess was directed to go with the wagons for that purpose. We were well supplied with fuel at night, and our quarters were quite comfortable.

2nd.—Nothing of importance transpired to-day. The roll was called, and we paraded twice, morning and evening.

Sunday, 3rd.—The usual duties being over, and a high wind prevailing, we did not go to church. Hearing that a sick horse was in the coral I went over to see, and found it was my mare. I brought her out to have her bled and physicked. I went to get assistance, and when I returned with a friend I found she had escaped; searched the town three hours without finding her.

4th.—Renewed my efforts to recover my lost horse; walked till three o'clock, when I found her in the centre of a lot about two miles from town—dead. I hastened to Col. Mitchell and told him I was on foot, as my mare had lost breath and was laid up to dry. He advised me to look about and ascertain if I could suit myself. If I succeeded I was to call on him again in the morning.

5th.—Our Orderly Sergeant in reading over the names of those to be placed on mounted guard, cried out mine. Accordingly, I with three others, marched down to the public square, where we paraded, and dinner, or rather supper, being over we were placed as sentinels till 3 o'clock in the morning. I then went to the guard fire, spread down my blanket and slept till day-light.

6th.—To-day we were allowed two-third rations of coarse Taos flour, some coffee without sugar, and poor mutton. We some times got a few peaches from the inhabitants in exchange for tobacco, buttons, &c.

7th.—Finding our flour nearly gone I went out and bought a baked pumpkin to mix with it; saw much fruit exhibited for sale, but had no money to buy any. Our scouting party which had been sent out a few days ago, returned this evening, bringing three prisoners, a priest among them. They were captured 12 miles down, on their way to Chihuahua, with papers containing information of our movements to the Mexican army in that quarter. They were placed under strict surveillance.

Sunday, 10*th*.—I went to church with a number of others, and witnessed all the ceremonies, and manœuvres of this singular people. The church is large, and the handsomest and best built house in the place. I saw the representation of Christ in the sepulchre, with various other images in and near the altar. On our return we found multitudes in the open street playing cards—sorry to say, some were American soldiers.

13*th*.—Our time begins to hang heavily. The ordinary duties of the day are soon accomplished, and no novelty to amuse or excite, the soldiers become restless and are ready for any excess. Our living consists of poor mutton, the miserable Taos flour and a little coffee. Some complain and others "hook" what they can to improve their fare.

14*th*.—I was taken last night with a violent headache and pain in the bowels. My diarrhea having become much worse I got up and went to the Surgeon, who gave me 15 grs. calomel, 10 do. jalap, 5 do. rhubarb and 2 do. tartar, all mixed up together in a dose. I took this monstrous compound and sat by the guard fire till morning, I then laid on my blanket and slept till 3 o'clock in the evening. Needing some refreshment, I tried my mess, but they had nothing I could relish; I went to Sergeant Edwards and he gave me a lump of sugar to sweeten my coffee. I tried in vain to borrow a picayune to purchase some molasses. At length I applied to a mess mate who had come to me a few days after my horse had died, bringing a mule, and saying if I would consent to let him draw the rations of my horse I should have the use of this mule. Yesterday I understood he had sent his mule away to graze, and was *selling my corn*. When I presented my petition, he turned his back as a refusal, and went down among the gamblers and lost every cent.

15th.—Feeling disordered and ill, I applied early to our Surgeon, who gave me a small lump of sugar, charging me to take particular care of the article, as it was only intended for the *sick.* He felt my pulse and made me swallow a large dose of salts and tartar; I then went to my blanket.

16th.—I awoke this morning with a high fever and headache. The Surgeon gave me a large pill, and I was placed in the hospital, under the particular care of a doctor, whose name I could not learn, but who said he was from Philadelphia, and could out practice any man in the regiment. Wishing some coffee, he very *politely* took a pinch of sugar between his thumb and finger to sweeten it for me, talking the while of "his superior skill," &c.

17th.—Still in the hospital, but feeling better, I applied to the Quarter Master, who gave me 4 pints of American flour; I baked a small cake to eat with my coffee. At night I spread my blanket in the tent, and slept with my mess.

18th.—At the sound of the reveille I arose and strolled over to the grave yard, where the remains of young Leland were interred yesterday. This young man died of the fever prevailing among the troops, and his grave is close to the wall, fronting an old church in ruins. Piles of bones lay around—in the centre of some of the hills were erected wooden crosses.

21st.—Since Tuesday last I have been ill in the hospital with high fever and headache—bed hard and uncomfortable, consequently little sleep or rest. The doctor, in his round, asked me why I was not out at the roll call this morning, as my name was erased, by his direction, from the sick list. He said there was nothing the matter with me, and he would give me no more medicine. He charged me with being home sick, &c. &c., with many other *tender* and *endearing* epithets. Weak and quite unwell, I left the hospital and found my way to Col. Doniphan's quarters, I consulted Dr. Morton, who, with expressions of sympathy, gave me the necessary restoratives. I had symptoms of jaundice, with very sore eyes.

26th.—I was somewhat recovered from my illness, through the humane treatment of Dr. Morton, but I still suffered considerably from my eyes. I felt much regret that I was prevented from joining Capt. Hudson, who took our company on a scout, and will be gone several days. I begin to feel weary of our detention here, occasioned by the non-arrival of Capt. Weightman with the artillery from Santa Fe. Col. Doniphan is hourly expecting this reinforcement.

27th.—Last evening a fellow was caught by our outer picket guard, who could give no satisfactory account of himelf, and told so many contradictory tales, that our Colonel sent him to the guard house. At 10 o'clock our company returned from the scouting expedition; they went down to the fort, 25 miles off, and found it was deserted. They think it very likely we shall have no fighting to do at Chihuahua.

29th.—While on guard to-day over the prisoners taken at the battle of Bracito, I thought I would write in my journal, I searched my belt for it in vain. It was gone!—taken out probably by some mischievons soldier in the tent. In this book I had faithfully kept an account of every thing *interesting to myself* at least, since the day I left Carrol County, Missouri. Having another blank book I commenced writing again, but felt provoked at my loss.

30th.—This morning, being relieved from the duty of sentinel, I went immediately to Capt. Hudson and stated the loss of my journal. He asked me a number of questions in relation to it, and appeared pleased at so unusual an undertaking in a private. He went forward and told the soldiers that Maryland's book must be restored or every man in his command should be searched.

31st.—The impatience of our boys for the arrival of the artillery has induced several to go out to meet it. This evening some of them returned, and said it was not more than 30 miles off. To-day my book was found on the floor of the tent. The robber was no doubt alarmed by the Captain's order, and dropped it in the most convenient place.

February 1*st.*—We paraded early, and about 12 o'clock several rounds from our artillery-men, just across the Rio Grande, announced the arrival of Capt. Weightman from Santa Fe, with four 6 pounders and two 12 lb. howitzers. They marched in town in right order; our men firing the salute from our piece of captured cannon just as they reached the public square. This company is an important acquisition to our small force.

3*rd.*—Early orders were received that Lieut. Col. Mitchell, at the head of the Chihuahua Rangers, would move down to the fort to-day. Every thing being in readiness we came on in double file, and arrived at sunset at a pretty little village. Our provision wagons being delayed on the road, every thing like food in this small place was had in requisition by the orders of the Colonel, and we made our supper on pies, cheese, bread, &c.

4*th.*—This morning we were told to saddle up and hasten forward to overtake the traders, who had disobeyed orders in preceding us; we were ordered to bring them back. In obedience to the order we started and travelled 13 miles. On the way we saw several Mexicans, who endeavored to elude our observation.—Our first and second Lieutenants wishing to know who they were, and on what errand bent, gave chase. After a run of two miles at full speed, they were overtaken and searched. One was the alcalde from the town where we staid last night. We halted late in the evening on the road, where we met a Mexican fully armed, gun, sabre, &c. He was also stopped and minutely examined, but no papers being found on his person, he was suffered to pass.

5*th.*—Marched on several miles, overtook and encamped with the traders, who had formed their wagons in a pen or coral, tried to refresh ourselves on a supper of black bread, poor beef, and sassafras tea, cooked over a fire of thorn bushes. The traders sell the bark of the sassafras at $1 per pound. A small cup of the decoction cost 25 cents to-night.

6*th.*—The ground was so uneven we did not erect our tents, but spread our blankets and went to bed; the cold prevented any thing like refreshing sleep. We arrived late at our former encampment, and found Col. Mitchell had returned from El Paso, whither he had gone to see Col. Doniphan. He brought news, which was currently reported there, viz: that Gen. Taylor had been overpowered at San Louis Potosi by the Mexicans, and was imprisoned, with 4000 regulars. Of course this was a Mexican story, told no doubt for effect—and it had its effect upon our boys, for it made us feel as if we could fight like lions against the treacherous foe. We waited at this place for Col. Doniphan, who was making every preparation for our dangerous trip. I made for my own use to-day a pair of wooden spurs.

7th.—This morning after roll call and breakfast, we fed our horses and mules, and tried to rest and amuse ourselves. At supper I made some pancakes, without milk or eggs, unfortunately I put rather too much *salt* in my batter. Fifteen men were sent down the river on a scouting expedition to-night. My name was called to be on guard, so I gathered up my blanket and went into the line with the rest. I was placed in first relief, near the river. I walked two hours, then went to bed at 12 o'clock by the guard fire; I was awakened by the Corporal at 3, and stood till morning.

8th.—Prepared my clothes by washing and mending, for our departure. Boiled some beans and beef for my mess. The weather was very disagreeable, and we all felt weary of our delay.

9th.—While busily engaged fixing up to-day, Col. Doniphan came on with the artillery and encamped near us. All is now bustle and excitement, as it is said we shall start in the morning.

10th.—Col. Doniphan has concluded to stay here to-day with the army, as it is very cold and cloudy. Our boys are making desperate efforts to amuse themselves. Among other things, our Sutler is here with his establishment, and whiskey is selling at 75 cents per pint. With some honorable exceptions, the scene among officers and men may be much "better imagined than described."

11*th*.—The whole of Col. Doniphan's regiment, including the Chihuahua Rangers, started this morning for the South to join Gen. Wool. We marched in right order 12 miles, and encamped on the bank of the river.

12*th*.—The wagons not coming in last night, some uneasiness was expressed by our Commander, when, with 15 others, I returned to where we encamped the night before, and found the train just about to move on. We passed a caravan, who told us they had lost the last night 250 mules and 50 yoke of oxen, driven off by the Indians. We came to our camp and found cooking to be the order of the day. We are about entering another jornada, and provisions for four days must be packed.

13*th*.—Detained here to have all in complete readiness. The Indians were at their thievish work again. Last night they drove off some cattle and mules belonging to the traders. The skill and daring evinced by these bands of savages exceed belief. They follow the army, and are always prowling around our camp at night.

Sunday, 14*th*.—Although on mounted guard nearly all night, I made all the haste I could to eat an early breakfast and saddle up. I was among the first in the ranks. Here we were told that the burial of two soldiers, who expired last night, would only detain us a few minutes longer. The mournful ceremony ended, we started at 8 o'clock; came on the jornada 5 miles, and halted to feed our horses and mules. I was in the rear guard behind the prisoners all day—travelled a long and wearisome journey through the sand until 8 o'clock at night. I ate a small piece of bread and meat, and spread my blanket at the guard fire, where I slept till 4. I was awakened by the officer of the watch and stood till 6. I was at last relieved by the sound of the tattoo.

15*th*.—12 miles further on we stopped to eat breakfast, which was a cold cut. We again moved on, and came 20 miles through this jornada and encamped late in the night. No water was as yet to be seen. Our Sergeant measured to each man a half pint. One man sold his half pint for 50 cents.

16th.—We made an early start, and after marching 15 miles, came to some puddles of dirty water. Our horses and mules rushed in and drank all they could get. Ascending the hill before us a spring was discovered, but the water was muddy and brackish. At night had a slight shower of rain, with lightning and thunder.

17th.—On awaking, the first thing I heard was that a man in our company was dead. The poor fellow had left a wife and family in Missouri to serve his country. He was taken sick at El Paso, with the measles, and had come thus far to die. We followed his remains to the grave, where our Captain stood forth and made an impressive speech. He stated that "this was the third time he had been called, on occasions like the present, to perform the mournful duty to men in his command, and that it was wisdom for each and all to prepare for the worst," &c. The usual rounds were fired, and we covered poor Tolly over with soap-weed, and filled up the grave. After trampling the dirt and levelling the ground, we marched off in right order to this spot, where we shall rest to-day.

18th.—Loaned my mule to a soldier who had lost his horse, to enable him to go in search. I was rewarded for this favor, by being compelled to stay behind my company several hours, till he returned with his horse. We pursued our journey two miles, and overtook the command at a Hot Spring, which was discovered on the top of a small eminence. It boiled up very curiously in the centre, covering the surface with bubbles. The temperature about 100 degrees. The water is scarcely fit to drink, having a very disagreeable taste, nevertheless the men filled their canteens, saying they would drink it when it got cold enough. The country still presents a barren appearance, the soil is sterile; the surface rocky and mountainous. We marched 14 miles, and about sun-set, encamped close to a small stream, which supplied a few poor villagers with water. The people busied themselves in preparing for us, what they could, viz., a little muskeet brush to cook with, and corn for our cattle. In crossing this jornada, the teemsters were obliged to throw away 5000 lbs. flour, and leave several wagons behind,—the mules being unable to proceed.

19*th*.—After a journey of such length over uneven ground, the fatigue of the army induced our Commander to remain in camp to-day. About 2 o'clock the wind began to rise, and increased in violence till the tents were levelled to the ground. We tried to cook by digging pits in which to place the fire. The sand blowing in clouds, covered our food; making it gritty and unpleasant to eat. As night came on, a heavy storm of wind stripped our wagons of their covers. Quite unsheltered, we had to do the best we could, and that was bad enough. We laid down, as we had often done before, on our blankets. We slept uncomfortably on hillocks and tufts of grass.

20*th*.—The wind having abated, we were all in line at an early hour,—came 9 miles through this ranch, to the mouth of another jornada. Here the same scene of desolation is presented.—No cultivation to be seen any where, nor scarcely any natural vegetable production, except the thorn and muskeet brush.—The days are warm, and the nights very cold, in this region.

21*st*.—Marched 10 miles out to the Hot Springs, which are situated in a ranch, and encamped. The army will here halt a day or two. The same arrangements are to be made as before. While cooking my meat and bread, I was informed by the Orderly, that with 18 others, I was appointed to go before the command several miles. Hastily despatching the meal, we mounted and rode out a long distance, where we had to stand all night. We made a small fire of brush weed on the road side.

22*nd*.—I was relieved from duty early this morning by the next detail. Feeling much disordered from loss of rest and fatigue. I was greatly obliged to a mess mate who very thoughtfully brought me some water and a piece of bread for my breakfast. The army appearing—we went into line by sections of four, and marched 17 miles where we encamped at a place where the men had water; but none could be spared to the poor horses and mules. After eating some bread, we laid down on the ground and went to sleep.

23rd.—Without waiting for refreshment of any kind, we came on to-day 8 miles to a pond where we watered our horses and mules—we stopped for the poor animals to graze awhile and then proceeded 3 miles, when we halted for the night at a stream of water. Several antelopes were killed to-day. After the tents were fixed up, we boiled some of the flesh, which made fine eating; the repast was seasoned with a good appetite;—a fast of nearly 48 hours, had made us hungry enough.

24th.—In conversation with my Captain—I expressed a wish to go up a neighboring mountain, as I understood a large Tagoon could be seen from its summit. He told me to go and make all the observations I could.—Having no time to lose, I commenced its ascent, by climbing over large rocks, in which were formed several immense caves—some of them I thought were well fitted to be the resort of robbers. At length I found myself on the top, and set down to write. At the distance of 8 miles a lake of considerable extent is seen, reposing in the bosom of a prairie, bounded by the horizon. To the left a continuous range of mountains loom up, whose bare and rugged tops present to the mind the idea of coldness and desolation. The whole face of the country is destitute of wood, and verdure, except a species of brush or thorn bushes. Looking towards our camp, I beheld a long line of wagons stretching along the road as far as the sight could reach. They were all in motion, and the sight made me hasten down the mountain at a brisk pace. It was our army preparing for a start and I did not wish to be left "solitary and alone," in that rocky region. In a few minutes we took up the line of march—came 12 miles and encamped at sun set. We saw Mexican spies at a distance.—The picket guard came in and reported, that 10,000 Mexicans were at a lake some miles off, ready to give us battle.

25th.—The sound of the reveille started every man to his post by light. We moved on 8 miles to the lake, and watered our horses and mules. We saw nothing of the Mexicans. The country begins to improve as we leave the jornada, especially on the margin of these lakes or ponds, the water of which is brackish. Here prairie grass grows with some luxuriance. Kindling a fire, the soldiers commenced baking bread, made from the wretched native flour, now our only fare. A high wind prevailing—sparks were carried out, which set the dry brush and weeds in a flame. The Chihuahua Rangers had orders to subdue the fire, and we commenced threshing it out with our blankets, but the wind increasing we found it useless labor. The flames continued to increase in spite of us. The whole command was put in action with their horses, beating a track, to stop the progress of the fire. Unfortunately for us, the fire caught the grass on the other side of the track, and the wind blowing tremendously, the fire was carried in almost every direction. We then encamped on the burnt ground, off of which the grass had been burnt, and picketing our horses on the left of the road in the prairie, we laid down to rest. In a few hours we were awakened to bring our horses in, for the whole prairie was on fire. Coming out of my tent, a sight appeared, of such magnificence as had never before met my eyes. It was an opposite mountain on fire, and the whole prairie, as far as the eye could reach, in flames. A strange glare tinged the clouds, and all surrounding objects, and presented a scene which was fearfully grand. It consumed nearly all the grass in the country, 15 miles towards Chihuahua.

26th.—We continued winding through the mountain passes and plains 16 miles. Our advance found a coral to-day, in which were 50 sheep and 15 cattle, driven in from the surrounding neighborhood. They were immediately butchered for the command, the soldiers being nearly exhausted for want of food. This was a dreadful day for our march. The wind was so high that we could scarcely see a hundred yards ahead.

27th.—The artillery and wagons were kept in front all day, the whole army being formed in two lines in the rear. We marched in right order 8 miles, and encamped on the margin of a lake. Here we shall halt till to-morrow. Scouts were sent out in every direction. I was busily engaged all the evening writing for our boys, who believe themselves to be on the eve of some engagement with the enemy. Saw several of our men come in, leading a horse—soon learned that spies being seen by our advance, Capt. Skillman of the traders' company, and Capt. Parsons of the E company from Cole County, with others gave chase and overtook one. The fellow finding he was likely to become a prisoner, leaped off, and fled up the mountain leaving his horse and all his rigging behind. He was elegantly mounted. Col. Mitchell has just informed us that a battle will be fought to-morrow.

BATTLE OF SACRAMENTO.

Sunday, 28th.—At sunrise this morning, we took up our line of march, having learned from our spies that the enemy in great numbers, had fortified the pass of the river Sacramento, about 15 miles off. Our train consisting of 315 traders' wagons, and our Commissary and company wagons, in all about 400, were formed into four columns, so as to shorten our lines. The whole command marched in right order between the columns, thus concealing our force from the enemy. When we arrived within 3 miles of their entrenchments, Col. Doniphan made a reconnoisance of their position, and examined the arrangement of their forces. This was easily done, as our road led through an open prairie valley between the high mountains. The pass of the Sacramento is formed by a point of the mountains on our right, their left extending into the valley, so as to narrow the valley about one and a half miles. On our left was a deep, dry channel of a creek, and between these points, the plain rises abruptly about 50 or 60 feet. The road passes down the centre of the valley, and in the distance we had a full view of the Mexican army. On the point of the mountain, they had a battery of 4 guns, so elevated as to sweep the plain. On the left, there was another battery commanding the road, with 6 pounders and rampart pieces, mounted on carriages. Their cavalry was drawn up in front of their redoubts, in the intervals of four deep. When we had arrived near their entrenchments, our columns suddenly diverged to the right, so as to gain the elevation, which the enemy endeavored to prevent by moving forward with 4 pieces of cannon and 1000 cavalry. But our movements were so rapid, that we not only gained the eminence, but were formed in order for their reception. Our company (Capt. Hudson's) now dismounted, and every eighth man was detailed, to hold horses and mules. It fell to my lot to hold 8 mules. The action now commenced by a brisk fire from our cannons, doing considerable execution at the distance of twelve hundred yards, killing fifteen of the enemy, and disabling one of their guns. Our fire was briskly returned from 14 pieces of artillery, sending ragged balls, and heavy copper ore. But being badly aimed they struck the ground about forty or fifty yards before us, and rebounding passed over our heads without harm, except slightly wounding two men, and killing several horses and mules in the rear. Our guns were so well aimed as to compel the enemy to fall behind the breastworks. We resumed our march in our former order, diverging as much as possible to the right, to avoid a heavy battery, and their strongest redoubts, which were on our left, near the common road. After marching as far as we thought it prudent, without coming in range of their heavy battery, Capt. Weightman of the artillery, was ordered to charge it with two 12 lb. howitzers, to be supported by the cavalry, under Captains Reid, Parsons and Hudson. We then remounted and charged the battery from right to left, with a brisk and deadly fire from our rifles. We then advanced to the very brink of their redoubts, and drove them out with our sabres. The enemy now fell back on their centre battery, where they made a desperate rally, and gave us a shower of balls and copper ore, which whizzed over our heads without doing us any injury except wounding several men and killing a few mules and horses. Major Clarke was ordered to commence a heavy fire upon this battery, which being well directed, together with the rapid advance of our columns, put them to flight over the mountains in utter confusion, leaving all their cannons, and the ground strewed with their dead and wounded. Thus ended the battle of Sacramento, which commenced about 3 o'clock, and ended about sun-set. The enemy numbered 4220 rank and file, and lost 300 killed 500 wounded, beside 40 prisoners. The American force consisted of 924 effective men, 1 killed, 11 wounded. Our success is to be attributed entirely to the superior skill of our commander. Had he not taken advantage of position, in keeping out of range of their redoubts and batteries, we should all have shared a common fate, as the black piratical flag was captured, together with a wagon load of that formidable weapon, the lariat, which was intended to tie us all to our saddles in case of a defeat. The Mexicans lost 10 pieces of artillery, varying from 5 to 10 lbs. and 7 one lb. culverines. One of the cannon is very valuable, being composed of silver and brass melted together. They also lost all their baggage, ammunition, &c., and provisions enough to last us 3 months were found in their wagons, together $4000 in specie. It was gratifying to see the soldiers shaking hands with their officers after the engagement and tendering their congratulations to their commander for his skill and bravery displayed on this memorable occasion. The Surgeons are now busily engaged in administering relief to the wounded Mexicans, and it is a sight to see the pile of legs and arms that have been amputated. The cries and groans of the poor fellows, are distressing in the extreme. It is a fact, worthy of note, that the atmosphere here in this mountainous region is so perfectly pure and clear that a cannon shot can be seen coming, when it is a considerable distance off, by leaving a blue streak in the air. Many a soldier saved his life in the battle by dodging the balls as they came forward. When a flash would be seen from the enemy's battery, you could hear the soldiers cry out—"watch the ball boys!—here comes a ball boys," and they invariably avoided them, or the slaughter must have been very great. I saw a ball coming in the direction where I was, when immediately falling off my mule, it passed just over my saddle without injury. Our rapid movements seemed to astonish the enemy. Our 4 pieces of flying artillery, discharging five times in a minute, volleys of grape and canister, with chain shots, would rake the enemy's redoubts and cut roads through their lines, while our 12 lb. howitzers throwing a constant shower of bombs into the middle of their entrenchments, and the unerring aim of our Mississippi rifles, acting in concert; cast terror and dismay among the cowardly and unprincipled foe. Our men acted nobly, and in the hand to hand fight in the redoubts they fought to desperation. Lieutenant Sprawl, our 2d Lieutenant, a man over six feet high with bared arms, and without his hat, his long hair and beard streaming in the wind, with sword in hand, was charging the enemy at every point, when a ball struck his splendid charger, and he fell. But seizing his carbine he kept up with us on foot. Another of our men, being unhorsed, and fighting near me, was attacked by a Mexican who was about to lance him, and the poor fellow's gun being discharged, he picked up a rock, and throwing it, struck his enemy on the head, which felled him to the earth, when he knocked his brains out with the butt of his gun. These were but common occurrences in that hard contested fight, where we had to contend with nearly five to one.

March 1*st*.—After spending a comfortable night, feasting on the good things of our enemy, and making our prisoners bury the dead, we started with the remains of Major Owings, and after marching 4 miles encamped. My mule having received a wound in the loins yesterday, cannot be found this morning, so I borrowed one of the Commissary.

2nd.—Placed on mounted guard to precede the army, whose entrance in the city will take place to-day. Came 10 miles; saw the spire of the Cathedral towering in the distance, with peculiar feelings of delight. A merrier group could scarcely be pictured than our worthy Col. Mitchell and his escort. We entered the beautiful city of Chihuahua about 12 o'clock, and proceeded immediately to the plaza or public square. The inhabitants are polite, and manifest in various ways the utmost complaisance, and regard to our soldiery. Of course we see the fairest specimens of the Mexican character here, and they afford us evidences of superior intelligence, comfort and industry. While the soldiers were scattered in various directions, seeking refreshments, I took a walk alone, and seated myself in a quiet nook, fronting the Cathedral. It is an imposing structure of white marble. It was about fifty years in building—the production of a gold mine, and cost *three million dollars*. I felt too much fatigued to write a long description of even a beautiful church, although, had it been otherwise, such employment would have been pleasant to me. The tones of the bell are grand. It strikes the hour, and can be heard at a great distance. At sun down Col. Doniphan arrived in town with the rest of the command, all in fine order. The band was playing Washington's March,—just as we reached the public square, the tune was changed to Yankee Doodle, when there was a general huzzah. We then marched through the town and took up our quarters on the outskirts. I was placed on picket guard and had to be up all night,—first to watch the prisoners, and then to walk my post 3 hours.

3d.—All is now tranquil. The funeral of Major Owings took place to-day. Every thing was conducted with the utmost decency and order.

4th.—This morning I sallied forth for a ramble. I went through the thickest parts of the city, which I should judge contained about 40,000 inhabitants. The streets cross at right angles, and the houses are mostly built of the usual sun dried brick, in Mexican style, with flat roofs, and close barred windows, as if intended for defence against street assaults, or rival factions. I was, afterwards, introduced to some senoras, and drank some coffee with them,—they using the *ardiente*, instead of cream in theirs.

5th.—Passing near the public square I encountered Col. Mitchell, with several officers on horseback, before a handsome building. The Colonel was earnestly engaged in conversation with a man, who, it appeared was an Englishman. I soon learned that our Colonel wished to search the building, but the English gentleman said he should not. I was called on, with several others who were standing near to form ranks, and go at once and arm ourselves. We ran to our quarters, and soon returned well equipped. I had not been in the line more than a minute, when I saw my entire company, the Chihuahua Rangers, come up. I, of course, left my position and with them paraded before the house. The Englishman being still very stubborn and refusing to give up the keys, the Colonel ordered two poices of artillery to be brought down immediately and placed before the door. Turning to look for the man, I found he had escaped to the top of a house, not far off, where he stationed himself to watch our movements. He no sooner espied the cannon, than he ran down in great haste, begging for a few minutes to open the door, saying "somebody might be killed," &c. We then entered peaceably. Magoffin, the trader, whom the authorities of the city had condemned to death as a traitor, cannot be found. On enquiry we learned that he had been sent to Durango. But several are of opinion, that he has been killed.

6th.—I went to the Secretary's office and wrote letters to my sisters in Maryland.

10th.—For several days past we have been relieved from all extra duty, only answering to the roll call night and morning. I have been busily engaged to-day writing letters for different persons.

17th.—During the past week I have had no time to write in my journal. I have been busy in writing letters for others, and assisting in writing out requisitions, &c. I received to-night the first number of the "Anglo Saxon," a paper printed by our boys, and the first American newspaper ever published in Chihuahua. On Wednesday the 15th, the express started from here for the United States. Many weary months have passed, and we have heard no tidings from home and friends. Truly a soldier's lot is a hard one.

19th.—I had a chill last night, which ended in a fever. I felt thankful that I was favored with every attention from Lt. Sprawl, who is as kind and generous as he is brave. A few hours sleep recovered me in some degree from the stupidity in which the fever left me, and I arose from the stone floor refreshed. I went to church, which was opened early for Mass, but soon returned with a headache, longing for the simple and sweet worship of my own church at home. An express consisting of twelve men was sent on to Gen. Taylor to-day.

20th.—I took a stroll through the town—went down to the American Hotel to learn what news was stirring. Nothing is heard from the south.

23d.—We have at this time all that is necessary for our comfort, and nothing to do but attend to our slight duties, and the care of our mules and horses. A strict guard is kept. The captured cannon is in charge of the non-commissioned officers, and our company has to practice at target shooting. Being number 4 I have to touch off the guns. The concussion jars my head so much that I have to place a quid of tobacco in *each* cheek, to prevent it from injuring my teeth, which are very sore. The companies are all well disciplined, and with our 25 pieces of artillery, Col. Doniphan says he would defy 10,000 Mexicans. When not on duty, our men resort to every kind of mischief by way of amusement. Two pieces of artillery found at this place, were, by them, on yesterday, dismounted and blown up. They were filled with powder and plugged, and the muzzles being buried in the earth several feet, a slow match was applied. The reports were terrific. They have also burnt all the powder. A train, nearly one fourth of a mile in length, was made, and set off, and which ignited several barrels at its termination. The poor affrighted Mexicans, meanwhile, ran off crying "no wano, no wano," (very bad, very bad.) Another species of fun, consists in collecting all the dogs that can be found during the day, and carefully shutting them in a room; at night each dog is brought out, and a large bundle of fireworks fastened to his tail. He is then let loose, amid a general halloo; and being enveloped in sparks, accompanied with the noise of small fire arms, wherever he runs in the crowded streets, the Mexicans fly before him with the utmost consternation.

Sunday, April 4th.—This was the appointed morning for us to leave Chihuahua for the south. But, on account of a bull fight, our trip is postponed. As soon as church was over, the soldiers hastened to see this great sight. As I was conscientious in regard to the violation of the Sabbath, I, of course, staid behind; I was, however, informed by the men on their return, that five bulls were let loose, but none were killed.

If they cannot strike the animal in some vital part, they are obliged to let him live. The blows were badly dealt and the bull escaped. This is a strange mixture of christianity with the barbarities of heathenism. Card playing, cock fighting, bull baiting, and dancing, are the chief amusements of these people, and they are always accompanied with excessive drinking, not unfrequently with quarrelling and fighting, in which the belligerants are bruised, their limbs broken, and their lives sometimes destroyed. What an idea of the character of God must be entertained in the midst of such performances? He can hardly be regarded as a God of love whose delight is in the upright walk and chaste conversation of his people. The service of that blinded population, comports better with what we might suppose would be the worship of the devil, were such worship distinctively ordered. Alas! for the darkness in which so many of our race are enveloped!

April 5th.—The wagons were loaded for our long journey—but a difficulty in getting our soldiers together detained us till 2 o'clock, P. M. At length, every thing being in readiness, we started out of town. Some of our men imagined themselves commanders in chief, assumed to give orders, and were otherwise troublesome. We succeeded in reaching a ranch, 12 miles off, and encamped.

6th.—Moved on 25 miles, and stopped at a ranch late in the evening. Putting our horses in a clover field—we spread our blankets on the ground and rested till morning.

7th.—After accomplishing another 25 miles to-day, we erected our tents close to the walls of a town. Here we were joined by two strangers, who said they came from a coral, 140 miles off, to inform us that a large Mexican force of about 10,000 soldiers were on their way to re-take Chihuahua. They also stated, that Generals Taylor and Wool had gone far to the south, in the direction of the city of Mexico. These men being native Americans induced our Colonel to listen to their story, which, if true, would have placed us in a bad situation. With one half of our command left behind at Chihuahua, we could be easily cut off from this point.

8th.—This morning we had orders to start back to Chihuahua. After marching 25 miles reached the second ranch, and encamped.

9th.—Our Sergeant woke us all at 2 o'clock to get our breakfast, and make an early start. We travelled briskly 30 miles, and arrived at Chihuahua about 4 o'clock. Here we are again in the city, at our old quarters.

14th.—I have been employed in writing for our Surgeon, and others for several days past. Yesterday we heard that Vera Cruz was taken by Gen. Scott. Twenty-eight rounds were fired by our artillery-men.

15th.—I witnessed to-day the mode of punishment among the Mexicans, and felt disgusted at the sight. Offenders are tied to a tree and severely lashed for different offences. I saw several whipped to-day for horse stealing. At night it commenced raining. The first rain since we have been in the city. I was too sick to perform the duty of sentinel.

16th.—Th morning air being clear and cool I took a walk to relieve the excessive languor I feel. I have little or no appetite, and my spirits are very much depressed. I went to the American Hotel, where a great many questions were asked me. While there I read an advertisement of a grand ball to be given on Sunday, 18th, entrance $2. It is really distressing to contemplate the desecration of the Sabbath in this country. Oh! how I long to be once more in a truly christian land, and among congenial spirits.

Sunday, 18*th.*—Various exhibitions encountered at every step throughout the city to-day. Sunday as it is, gambling is the most prominent. At night the greater part of our men went to the ball.

19th.—Drew off some writing for our Doctor, afterwards, with a mess mate took a bath in the river,—still quite sick, and nothing to eat, but poor beef, with bread and coffee. This stone floor is particularly hard to rest on.

24th.—I went with a Mexican to see the *prison*. The man was very polite and accommodating. He took me through the cells, and showed me the blocks, and chains, handcuffs, lariats, &c., that had been prepared to keep all the prisoners safely, which they expected to have taken in the battle. They were to have been kept here until they could be marched on foot to the city of Mexico. But they counted their game a little too soon! The prison is the darkest and most gloomy place I ever saw.

Sunday morning, 25th.—Just as the church bells began to ring, our men geared up their mules, and at 11 o'clock, two companies started out of town with the artillery, and arrived about 3 o'clock at the first ranch.

26th.—An early start took us to the second ranch 25 miles. To-night our second battallion came up.

27th.—After marching 36 miles to-day we came to a town called Santa Cruz, where we encamped.

28th.—We lay by here and wait for the rest of the army, which will start from Chihuahua to-day.

29th.—At day break we set out, and after marching 21 miles came to Sousilla, a town situated on the river Couchas, which is, at this place, a considerable stream. I went with one or two hundred others, and took a refreshing bath. At night I cooked a supper of coarse bread, beef and coffee with the materials of a coral, which we tore down.

30th.—Still travelling on the Rio Couches. Passed a town called Los Cruezas, and at the end of 28 miles encamped at the town of San Rosalia. Col. Doniphan's first battallion came up to-night.

May 1st.—At the sound of the reveille all went in line, and after roll call our Captain told us to get our arms in good order for inspection at 9 o'clock. Every man was soon busy firing off loaded guns, cleaning out, &c. To-night I went into town and brought a welcome repast for my mess, viz: pork-steak and nice bread.

2nd.—Our Captain, after calling the roll, told us that the reveille had sounded thus early for a company to go in advance. Came out a few miles and stopped to inspect a fort the Mexicans had erected to keep Gen. Wool from marching to Chihuahua. It is nicely finished off, with port holes for their batteries, &c. The building covers nearly an acre of ground; but every thing is silent; the place being entirely deserted. A fatiguing march of 27 miles brought us to a ranch called Remado, where we passed the night.

3rd.—The country is still barren between these ranchos, which are always found in fertile valleys, mostly inhabited. Some muskeet brush was all we could find on our road to-day; no verdant carpet of grass to relieve the eye from the strong glare of the rays of the sun pouring on the sandy plains as we pass along. A late hour brought us to a large town called Huadaquilla, on the Rio Florida. We travelled 30 miles to-day.

4th.—At ten we left,—came out 6 miles and encamped. On our way we saw several monuments erected to various saints. A pile of rocks marks the grave of one great personage. In the centre of the pile is erected a cross, adorned with artificial flowers. The country around this town is cultivated; provisions are cheap and plenty. All the soldiers are now engaged in packing provisions and water; the latter precious article, it is said, will not be found again till 65 miles are passed over. At 4, P. M., we came on and travelled 25 miles in this jornada, and laid ourselves down to sleep in the sand, after taking a cut of meat and bread at nearly 12 o'clock.

5th.—By the time it was light our Orderly came around to arouse us to roll call. Some poor fellows, half asleep, staggered off into the ranks. We started and marched 40 miles through a thick dust, when we came to a pond of brackish water, which is sometimes found in these deserts. Here we halted for the night. The water was quickly drunk by our famishing boys, notwithstanding it was a disagreeable mixture of salt and sulphur.

6th.—The fatigue and sufferings of yesterday were not allayed by a report in camp that several thousand Mexicans were lying in wait a few miles ahead, in order to cut off our artillery. We marched on 10 miles and stopped on the banks of the Rio Cerro Gorda, where we have tolerably good water.

7th.—I arose from the guard fire, where I had been stretched the last 3 hours dull and sleepy, having been on duty all the former part of the night; I went to my mess, whom I found eating breakfast. As soon as we got through, our command started and travelled 30 miles. Here we stopped at a ranch, near which are several springs bursting from a bank, the water of which is very clear, but very warm, and of a most disagreeable taste. A few hundred yards from the camp we saw a large deserted fort, also a coral, which our boys tore down to cook with. The face of the country has nothing to recommend it, but a vast variety of cactus, beautifully in bloom all over the sandy plains. Covered with dust, I found a bath in the hot springs very refreshing to-night.

Sunday, 9th.—Pursued our way uninterruptedly the past two days and travelled 40 miles. At night we encamped at a town called Mapemilla. At our approach the inhabitants fled to the mountains. It was a fine night, and their fires in the distance, dotting the mountain side, had a singular and romantic effect. News met us here that Gen. Scott had whipped Santa Anna, which caused Col. Doniphan to fire a salute of 29 rounds.

10*th.*—At 3 o'clock this morning the reveille sounded. A little coarse bread, and coffee without sugar, constituted breakfast, on which we travelled 30 miles. We halted late at night at a ranch called San Sebastian, on the Rio Mosas, a stream sufficiently large for swimming. It was soon covered with our soldiers enjoying this rare luxury.

11*th.*—At an early hour we had to bury two of our men, who died yesterday. They were found last night (after our fatiguing march of 30 miles) dead in the wagons. They were buried in a warlike manner. We crossed the river two miles below the town, and pursued our route 30 miles to another village, called San Lorenzo. Here we encamped, but suffered much inconvenience from want of water, having to use it very sparingly. To-night another grave was opened for another of our men.

12*th.*—As usual, our whole command was put in motion at 3 o'clock, and after marching 7 miles through a thick dust, had orders to halt and turn back, for we had left the right road behind. Our army turned about and travelled several miles until we got right. At the end of 18 miles we encamped on the Rio Mosas. Here, unable to join the swimmers from a violent attack of ear-ache, accompanied with a most painful sore mouth, which latter I have suffered with since leaving Chihuahua, I went to a Dutch Surgeon for advice. He looked in my mouth a few seconds, and with an air of confidence declared that *nothing ailed me.* I determined thereafter to bear my pains like a hero, and almost vowed that I would never pester a Dutchman either for his sympathy or his prescriptions.

13th.—This morning we started early, and after travelling 30 miles reached a ranch. The first objects that met our eyes were 6 Indians lying dead. They had been killed by our advance guard of about 30 rank and file, under Capt. Reid. The guard was unexpectedly attacked by a body of Indians, which they repulsed, after killing 18 of their number, with their chief. He must have been a desperate warrior, for even after he was shot down, and to the last moment of his life, he tried to use his bow and arrows. These fellows were seen coming from a gap of the mountain, some distance off, making direct for our little party, who went out at full gallop to meet them. A discharge of arrows was met by a volley from our men. A considerable skirmish now ensued. The Indians, raising the war-whoop, rushed on them, discharging their arrows with incredible rapidity. But they were forced to retreat, and these bodies were dragged hither as trophies.

14th.—About 1 o'clock in the night, while our wearied soldiers slept, two guns were heard. In an instant our Captain jumped to his feet, and hurriedly went over the ground to wake us all up. In a few moments every man had on his arms. After waiting some time for the enemy, news came that one of the Lieutenants was shot through the hand. It appears that this Lieutenant was officer of the night, and in his rounds, tried to take a sentinel by surprise. Creeping stealthily on the ground to the spot, he was told by the sentinel to stop and give the countersign. No answer being returned, he fired. As soon as he found that he was shot in the hand he returned the charge on the sentinel. But no one can tell as yet who this watchful senbed is. I made up a fire to prepare coffee. At 2 o'clock the reveille sounded for all to saddle up. At 4 we started, and after marching 25 miles came in sight of Parras, a large city. Our Adjutant chose a place for us to encamp, which is in a beautiful grove of ornamental cotton trees. The scene is new and pleasant. Here are trees, green cornfields, and running streams. The gardens in and around the city are beautifully arranged, and tastefully supplied with ripe apricots, oranges and lemons; also a great variety of flowering shrubs and plants.

15th.—We are to pass a day or two here I believe, resting from our long travel. This morning one of our wagon drivers, who is a sailor, went up town, and by some means most unfortunately offended several of the Mexican gentlemen. Complaint was made to the alcalde, who ordered Jack to be taken to the calaboose and flogged, going in person to see it done. But Jack knocked him down and broke his sabre in pieces—whipping several others who came to the rescue, and finally walked off to camp completely victorious. Word was brought to Col. Doniphan about the conduct of his man, who gravely told the people that if Gen. Wool could do any thing with his men, it was more than he could with his. He said it was now too late for him to keep them in order, therefore he should leave on Monday.

Sunday, 16th.—Preparations are going on in different departments for the renewal of our march to-morrow. The expectation of soon encountering Generals Taylor and Wool, appears to inspire our men with a desire to look decent. Old clothes are being washed—sundry holes in deer skin pants are in the process of repair, and I think we shall not look so very ragged, after all.

17th.—Moved out of town at 3 o'clock, P. M. After marching 5 miles through a broken, bare country, we came to a house, whose *shingled* roof indicated that its builder had been educated in the United States. We found it even so, although the man was a Mexican. We made a journey of 25 miles to-day, and had a supper of excessively tough beef, and coarse bread.

18th.—On our way, very early, as usual—made 15 miles with a severe ear-ache, from which I have suffered almost constantly for several weeks past. Strolling out after the tents were fixed up, I saw some soldiers walking along with a man in front, whom I learned they were about to drum out of service. He proved to be a teamster, and not a volunteer. He had, without provocation, struck several Mexicans in Parras. The alcalde sending on an express to Gen. Wool for protection, induced Col. Doniphan to settle the business thus. He was made to walk before three armed men, behind whom, several bugles performed a doleful ditty. When they arrived at the outskirts, the Captain ordered a halt, and proclaimed that the man was drummed out of service for misbehavior. Whereupon he ordered the men in front to kick him. The punishment having been inflicted, the poor fellow was turned off, to find a shelter where he could.

11th.—To-night we are encamped at a ranch, almost overflowed with water which is coming down in a rush, in consequence of a heavy rain in the mountains—made to-day 25 miles.

21st.—Yesterday and to-day we pursued our journey without intermission. At night we encamped where Gen. Wool had stationed 1000 men as picket guard. We received a treat in the shape of nice American flour and mess pork, as rations.

22d.—I rode with several others to Gen. Wool's camp. On the way we passed over the battle ground of Buena Vista, and saw the remains of hundreds of Mexicans thrown in heaps and covered over with cactus. I spent an hour in contemplating the desolations of war—picked up a few Spanish coins, a watch key, cross, &c., with several other little matters, as mementos. Gen. Wool's quarters were to be seen in the distance. After spending an hour or two in his camp, I returned to our boys, whom I found assembled in a congregation, and Capt. Reid holding forth in a speech, trying all his might, to get some of our men to volunteer again, their term being nearly expired. This morning every preparation is made for the reception of Gen. Wool, who is expected to receive the command. All in right order, we marched out, the artillery in front, our company (the Chihuahua Rangers) next, and so on. As he rode up, the artillerymen fired a salute, and while passing along the lines with his escort, we had orders to "present arms." After the parade was over, we were marched back to *camp*, where the General came to inspect the captured cannon, and see the black flag, taken at the battle of Sacramento. At night we drew rations of bacon and dried apples, which good things, some of our boys thought were given as a *bribe* to induce them to re-enlist.

Sunday, 23d.—We left at an early hour, and as we passed through Gen. Wool's encampment, we turned over to him our American artillery, consisting of six pieces, received at Santa Fe. We retained the Mexican cannon, viz: 17 pieces taken at the battle of Sacramento, and one piece taken at Bracito, and marched on 12 miles to Saltillo, a large town among the mountains. The weather is warm and pleasant, and in right order we passed through, and proceeding on 8 miles we encamped at night in a wheat field. We saw to-day several deserted ranchos.

24*th*.—After a long and fatiguing march of 32 miles, we stopped at a deserted ranch to pass the night. In winding through the mountain pass to-day, we turned aside, to see the fortifications which had been thrown up, to stop the progress of Gen. Taylor to Saltillo.

25*th*.—An early start, and a fatiguing journey of 25 miles brought us within 4 miles of Monterey. From our camp we have a full view of the city and palace of the Bishop. All this day our road lay through the narrow pass of the mountains, one of which is volcanic, and has been burning for several years. A heavy rain descended to-night, drenching us completely, and in the midst of which a grave was dug for a poor soldier, who has been sick ever since we left Chihuahua.

26*th*.—Through a heavy wind we rode into town and stopped to see the citadel and wall so bravely scaled by our troops after the enemy was driven from their redoubts. From this palace, a lovely and extensive view of the city and surrounding country is presented. The southern fruits and flowers are growing in great luxuriance. After our men were satisfied with an inspection, we marched through the famous town of Monterey to Gen. Taylor's camp, where we arrived at 12 o'clock. We found the old hero encamped in the woods. Immediately on our arrival he came to us, in company with Col. Doniphan, to see the trophies of our victories. I was fortunate enough to grasp the hand of the old General. In the afternoon several thousand pack mules were sent out with provisions for Gen. Wool.

27*th*.—At day-break the roll was called, and Capt. Hudson told us to saddle up, and get ready to start. All was in readiness, when orders came that we should be delayed till 12 o'clock. A few minutes before that hour Gen. Taylor with his escort rode up, and passed along the lines, with his hat off, to review us. We presented sabres, and then started on our way, the General escorting us some distance from his camp. After he left us, we pursued our march through a country well covered with hackberry and other trees. A long route of 32 miles brought us to a ranch, where we halted for the night.

28th.—Arrived at a deserted ranch late in the morning, after passing 40 miles over a most dreadful road. Being in the rear guard, I and eleven others, were obliged to assist the wagons up the hills, by pushing at the wheels. All along this route decaying bodies and skeletons of men, are lying. Some of the bodies still had their clothing on, and the stench was almost intolerable. The road was also strewed with mules, which had died in numbers on their way to Monterey.

29th.—The road is only interesting from association. Many a brave man has passed it never to retrace his steps. Six miles from our last stopping place we reached Seralvo. Here we found a regiment of volunteers on the march to join Gen. Taylor. We waited till the afternoon to feed our horses and mules; then marched 14 miles to another deserted ranch and stopped to sleep. We saw, on our way many ranchos and villages tenantless and destroyed. While we were at Seralvo, a Mexican was caught, who belonged to the gang that murdered the teamsters, and burned up 150 wagons, which were on their way to the army. At 3 o'clock, he was brought out in the plaza, and placed against the wall. A file of six men, (The Texian Rangers) stood some 10 yds. off. The prisoner was told by the Colonel that his time was at hand. He was then ordered to turn his back. This he not only refused to do, but struck fire and lighted his cigar. The word was given,—all fired,—and he fell dead. Three balls entered his breast, and 3 his head. A Texian, whose brother had been murdered in the wagon train, gave a five dollar gold piece to take the place of one who was chosen to do this melancholy business.

Sunday night, 30th.—We have stopped at a town called Mier. I felt very weary after a travel of 36 miles. This place is notorious on account of a battle that was gained by the Texians. Our Rangers were highly elated in the thoughts of their success and they became so drunk that the defeated Mexicans took them prisoners, and marched them off to the city of Mexico. So much for the sale of rum. We met with a cordial reception at this place.

31st.—We encamped in sight of Camargo at 2 o'clock to-day. We crossed the river St. Pon in a ferry boat, which was pulled by means of ropes. The crossing occupied about two hours, when our troops and artillery were landed. This town is well fortified. It is the principal depot for supplies to the army, which come up this river in small steamers. River water is drank, although rendered very filthy by the carcasses of mules and horses, which are thrown into it. To-day one poor fellow was buried, who had been sick a long time. Many a hard jolt in the rough wagon, and hour of thirst and weariness had he—but he sleeps quietly and peacefully in his lonely rest on the banks of the St. Pon.

June 1st.—On our way to the Rio Grande, this morning one of our men was shot by a party of Mexicans, who had concealed themselves in the bushes. He was riding alone, when he was fired upon. The charge entered his hand and breast, and he fell dead. Capt. Reid at the head of 50 men, went after the murderers, and soon returned with 6 of them. They are to be kept in close confinement.

2nd.—Our officers were in an unpleasant dilemma. They did not know how to dispose of the prisoners, and after some debate, they concluded to turn them loose. A file of soldiers was detailed for that purpose. They took them some miles off, and soon returned, announcing that *they had turned them loose.* At 4 o'clock we left, and travelled all night through a thick forest of muskeet trees and brushwood. About sunrise we arrived at Columbus, where we found several steamers ready for us. Many of us were miserably disordered from our weary midnight march. We encamped on the Rio Grande. This evening our cannon was sent down the river two miles to be shipped.

3d.—Orders were received at an early hour for the troops to bring forward their saddles, rigging, &c., to be valued. A most unsightly mass was soon presented, the dilapidated articles were gathered in a heap. Our Sergeant gave notice he should value them as condemned property, it being impossible to transport them. A large fire was then made, and all were consumed. Our horses were placed in charge of a Mr. Van Bibber, who for a stipulated sum engaged to drive them through Texas to Missouri, and leave them at any point we might designate. We walked a mile to the beach, where several steamers awaited us. The sick went immediately on board. Two or three companies started, while the rest of us were detained till very late to assist in shipping the cannon. Orders were given that we should remain all night, so we went again on shore, spread our blankets on the beach, and spent the night rather uncomfortably.

4th.—It commenced raining at 3 o'clock this morning. After eating a breakfast of coffee and a few hard crackers, we hurried on board the steamer. Here we found both cabin and deck crowded with men. Our little steamer started in the midst of a heavy rain, rendering every thing exceedingly unpleasant. Night came on and no cooking could be done, as we went on shore, erected our tents, ate our suppers and rested quietly through the night.

5th.—The bell rang at 3 o'clock for us to come on board, which we accomplished in the course of an hour.—One fellow being rather slow, was left behind, but he regained the boat before she had gone two miles. Fortunately for him an accident happened to the wheel, which was found to be broken, thus detaining us for repairs several hours. We did not reach Metamoras till 2 o'clock. Here we stopped but a very few minutes, and proceeded on till sunset. The boat now stopped to take in wood, and the Captain informed us that he should leave at moonrise. We laid down on deck on our blankets.

Sunday, 6th.—I was awakened at 1 o'clock by the deck hands to make room to haul in the foot plank. I found myself drenched with filthy water, which had run under me as I slept. Quietly folding up my blanket I thought I would make no complaint, as I was near my journey's end. About sunrise we reached the Balize, when all hands landed and erected the tents. After breakfast, with a number of others, I went to bathe in the sea. We let the breakers pass over our heads. They came with such force, that in my present reduced state, I found it difficult to stand up under them. Nor could I remain long in the water.

7th.—We are encamped on the banks of the Rio Grande, 5 miles from the shipping, which is on the opposite side of this narrow neck of land.

8th.—A regiment of regulars landed to day, on their way to the seat of war. No ship has appeared as yet to take us off.

9th.—This morning we had orders to start for Brasos Santiago, 9 miles from this place. We had not proceeded far through the deep sand, when it became necessary for those who had the remnant of shoes, to pull them off, on account of the sand gathering in them, it being above the ankle at every step. Our feet became badly blistered by the heat and friction. Most gladly did I spread my blanket on the sand and enjoy a night of rest, after the fatigues of the day. We are not yet at the end of this uncomfortable journey. The shipping is in sight, and a short march in the morning will relieve the weary teams of their burdens.

10th.—We are all on board,—artillery, baggage, and a motley crew of 250 men, with unshaved faces, ragged and dirty, but all in fine spirits, save a few poor fellows, whose thin visages show the ravages of disease and suffering.

11th.—The past has been a memorable night. For suffering I have not experienced its equal in all my peregrinations through life. In the brig, on board of which we took passage, there were 100 bunks (a slight elevation made of plank) for the soldiers to sleep on. When I got in mine, the crowd was so great and the air so oppressive, that I thought I would get out, and take a few pulls at the fresh atmosphere. Groping along in the dark, I endeavored to find some place of egress, but the whole gangway was strewed with men, and I was forced to return, amid a shower of *blessings* from the poor fellows, on whom I had the misfortune to tread. I laid the rest of the night in this hot place, more dead than alive. There was not the slightest air, and I was covered with a profuse perspiration.

12th.—An inspection of this brig, which was beautiful in its exterior, convinced me that it was a filthy place indeed; especially, between decks. It was certainly worse than a hog-pen, for just above our bunks, there was a sty, in which were several of the real material. Two small fires were built for the soldiers to cook with, and so many crowded around them, all anxious to be served, that a long time elapsed before I could get my coffee. As a matter of convenience we were supplied with hard crackers and molasses. This diet only increased my disease, and I turned a longing eye on a large turtle which had been killed and was being served up for our officers, and the inmates of the cabin.

13th.—Our allowance of water was a coffee pot full twice a day for coffee, and a pint apiece for each man to drink; a hogshead had been drawn upon deck for our use. There is a guard kept throughout each day, over this hogshead of miserable water, not fit for horses to drink. It was with mingled feelings of admiration and sorrow that I saw our brave fellows, who had borne the fatigues of the march, and the strong blows of the battle, come humbly around the hogshead, which was a central point of attraction, and ask for a little cup of water, when they were almost famished, and could drink several pints were it allowed them. It is a gloomy Sabbath evening,—nearly calm.

14th.—We are running S. E. by E., though the boat scarcely glides along, there being a calm. It seems that the water is becoming scarcer to-day. The Captain has directed that a quart only shall be given to each man for all purposes. And it is to last 24 hours. When this was announced one of the men muttered something which I did not hear, but which the Captain disliked; for he told us all, that if any one made another threat, he would blow his brains out as quick as he would shoot a rattle-snake. When this threat was heard the men all roared out in a hearty laugh. The Captain was of middle size, somewhat corpulent, swarthy in complexion, and blind in his right eye. He was rough in hismanners, but talked very little, especially to us, privates. He is master of the brig and is employed by government to convey troops across the gulf. His name is Woodsides. This morning about a pint of water was issued to each man. Of course, no coffee is made. We mixed a little vinegar with some water, and with crackers and molasses, made out our supper. Two dolphins were caught by the sailors, and one of our men caught a young shark. Another turtle is served up for the cabin. It was so warm that I could not sleep in my bunk, but lay in the gangway, on my blanket. At midnight a steamer came alongside, and the Captain took on board several barrels of water. It was truly a blessing for us.

16th.—Coffee and fried shark for breakfast, but a dreadful sore mouth (which I fear is the scurvy) makes the eating a painful performance. Every indication of land was near. At 12 o'clock the Captain said we were 80 miles from the Balize. In anticipation of a storm, the sails were furled, but a little sprinkle of rain was all, and we again spread our canvass to the breeze. A sailor was sent aloft to see if the light house was in sight, and after remaining in the cross trees two hours, he came down and said he saw it. A short time after the cry was heard, "the pilot boat is coming." Sails were furled, and the pilot was soon on board. In the meantime some one cried "three cheers for Capt. Woodsides!" The cry was echoed by the crowd, and Capt. Woodsides looked bullets. A flag was placed on the bow, a steamer came alongside and towed us over the bar, where our Captain anchored. We now draw water up the sides of the ship, for we are in the Mississippi river, 100 miles from New Orleans. The water is good and there is plenty of it, as the river is full. Every man has just as much as he can use, and we use it freely enough. After supper I went to my bunk, but found it too warm to rest in, so I took my blanket, and laid down, as usual, in the gangway—but not being able to stretch my feet out, in consequence of a sack of bacon in the way, I got up and searched about, and, at length found an empty bunk of some one who had gone on deck to spend the night. I felt weak and sick from the heat.

16th.—We drew our water from the river to get some breakfast. The sailors are washing off the deck, and if any man happens in the way, he is sure of having a bucket full thrown on him; of course several of our boys have had a good drenching. At 8 o'clock a steamer took us in tow. As we proceed up the Mississippi, we behold on its banks large plantations of the sugar cane which present a lovely contrast with some countries over which I have marched. On the left side of the river is Fort Jackson, now nearly in ruins, but still a beautiful place. With several of our men I slept on the deck of the steamer. We were all in good spirits at the prospect of getting home, though the want of a change of clothes at this particular juncture is keenly felt. Some are covered with filth, and vermin, which have kept their hiding places within our garments, for many a long day.

17th.—We are now among the thick settlements, and sugar plantations which line the river as we approach the city. I remained most of the night on deck, and ate an early breakfast of the usual diet. Afterwards Capt. Hudson had one of the big guns taken up, and fired a salute as we passed a pretty little village. We are now on the site of the battle ground, where Gen. Jackson fought the English in 1814—continued our course up the river, and fired several times. At last, we were safely landed on the wharf in New Orleans. Upon my head there was no hat, having lost my last remnant overboard in the gulf. My pants, I had thrown away three days before, because (being composed of deerskin worn into tatters,) I despaired of making them look decent. A pair of drawers, rather the worse for wear, and an old overcoat, constituted my dress. If, to this description of my person I add that my hair, beard, and mustachoes, had been left to vegetate undisturbed ever since I left Fort Leavenworth, then some idea may be formed of the accomplished soldiers of Col. Doniphan's command.

18th.—In company with twelve others I got in an omnibus to search for some clothes and quarters; came 2 miles to a large clothing establishment, where our wants as to garments were soon supplied. The barber next exercised his skill, and it was with many an amusing jest and laugh that we regarded each others altered and improved appearance. Comfortable quarters were secured, and to-night I am reposing in a quiet boarding house. Here

I feel that no homage of my soul is profound enough to render due adoration to that gracious Providence Who has protected and guided me, while marching over the wild plains, and through the mountain passes of Mexico.

"Deserts in vain opposed our onward course;
O'er hostile lands and wild untravelled wastes,
Our journey we pursued, nor feared the floods,
Through deep ravines that flow eddies banked with death;
Nor mountains in whose jaws destruction grinned.
Though floods rapacious roaring as they rolled,
And mountains huge and rough were circled round
By roving bands of restless savage foes.

22d.—On Sunday last I went to the M. E. Church and listened to an excellent sermon. I was kindly invited by a stranger, who introduced himself to me, to dine and spend the evening with him. I complied with his request and was pleasantly entertained. After tea I returned to my boarding house, which is kept by a Mr. Wren, and whose charge is moderate, viz. $4 per week. On my first introduction here I committed a blunder, the thought of which has frequently caused me to smile. It shows the contrast between a camp life and the more polished proceedings of life in the city. When I was called to the first meal, I seated myself at the table in the presence of my hostess, and commenced operations as I supposed in a manner the most polite and refined. Casting a glance at the lady I observed that she was eyeing me with a curious interest. The smile that played upon her lip told me that she was amused at some awkwardness of mine or some oddity in my appearance. And what was my surprise when I found that I had jerked my old knife from my pocket and was cutting my meat placed upon my bread in my usual way. The habit had been fixed upon me, and notwithstanding the neat arrangements of the table I could not resist the propensity to indulge in my camp customs.

24th.—On board the steamer Louisville bound for Cincinatti. The boat is crowded, but a mattress on which to lie is a luxury. A few hours ago, I parted with many of my fellow soldiers and friends, with feelings which it is impossible for me to describe. I am not in a situation to continue with the regiment until it reaches its final destination. My mouth is so sore that the least effort to masticate my food is very painful, and I cannot eat, now that I see before me all the luxuries of life; and even if I could it would be improper for me to do so, on account of a long continued diarrhea and pain in my breast and side. I feel that I am greatly changed when I compare the present with the time when I last glided over this beautiful stream. Then so full of health and anticipations of pleasure and happiness, now, a sick soldier,—a mere skeleton of a man, bronzed by the burning rays of a Mexican sun, and worn down by the prolonged fatigue of travelling, watching and toil. I regret very much that I cannot go to St. Louis, as requested by Col. Doniphan, where an enthusiastic reception is awaiting him. To express myself in *measured terms* about our Commander, would not be expressive of my feelings, and I feel how utterly incompetent I am to utter his eulogy. The man who can familiarise himself with the poorest private, by some kind word, or ride among the troops, and make us forget that we were hungry or thirsty by some pleasant converse, in our long and toilsome march;—the man who can forget his own personal safety in the hour of danger, and rise superior to every embarrassment—who can be prepared for every emergency, by superior skill in the tactics of war,—as well as a refined sense of honor, and an open suavity of manner, not only leading captive the hearts of his entire command, but thousands of the hostile foe,—such a man is a treasure to society, an honor to his country. And, such a man, is the brave Doniphan. It was with the feelings of a brother or a friend to whom I owed many obligations, that I grasped the hand of this great man, who kindly wished me a safe return to my family.

27th.—Our noble steamer has made good headway up the river, passed Baton Rouge, and at 9 o'clock at night came in sight of Natches.

28th.—Passed the Grand Gulf at 10, and at 2 got to Vicksburg. The pleasure of feasting my eyes on scenes so lovely, and which are presented by a trip to the "Father of Waters," compensates for any little inconvenience arising from our crowded state.

30th.—At this time we are near Memphis. There is some excitement on board. A man laboring under the effects of mania potu is quite crazy, and has attempted several times to jump overboard. Just now he entered the ladies cabin and struck his wife; one of our officers interfered, and soon placed him on his back. But a further attempt to kill his child made it necessary to secure him. With several others I entered the ladies' cabin, and helped to tie this *gentleman*. He made much useless resistance.

July 1*st.*—Slept but little.—The surrounding bustle and noises mingled strangely with dreamy anticipations of soon receiving the cordial welcome of friends, that I fond-

[illegible], are eagerly awaiting me in my native home.

[illegible] *River, July 10th.*—Let no brave soldier say he cannot shed tears of joy, when clasped in the arms of his aged, widowed mother, after an absence of nearly two years, in which he has encountered the perils of both land and sea—travelling nearly 6000 miles, 2200 being through the heart of an enemy's country, and witnessing death in every shape and feature.

It were an endless task to attempt any thing like a minute description of that part of Mexico through which we travelled. Our route lay for the most part, on the Rio Grande del Norte, whose head waters rise in the Green Mountains, several hundred miles above Santa Fe. It forms the western boundary of Texas, and can be easily forded at almost any point above El Passo. In the dry season it is extremely low, and can be of very little importance for navigation, except near its mouth, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico. It is thought this river has a course of from 15 to 1800 miles. The country is elevated: being traversed by a range of mountains extending far to the northward. Among the inhabitants, I saw every shade of complexion, from a dark swarthy, or yellow, to the palest white. But few are handsome among the ladies; and this is principally to be attributed to their great love of coloring the skin with red paint. The mountaineers are mostly poor, and almost universally destitute of every thing beyond the bare necessaries of life. Their flocks and herds constitute their principal riches, and their implements of husbandry are all of the most simple character. Their ploughing, such as it is,—is effected by a wooden plough, to which is attached two or four oxen, and the wheat is slightly covered over, having been previously sown on the hard ground. There are some fertile vallies in this mountainous range, but the poor simple inhabitants have very little idea of taking advantage of the natural resources of their country. After we left Chihuahua, fields of cotton and corn, interspersed at intervals with the sugar cane, presented themselves. The ranchos are always about a day's journey apart, and the whole aspect of nature in these delightful spots, is one of the most inviting that can be imagined, as a field of operation, for the industry and art of man. The soil here is fertile, and what is generally termed bottom land. Our purpose was not, however, to see all that was worth seeing, but to hurry on to the place we started for, and when arrived there, to make arrangements to hurry on again.